Holidays in the ENGLISH LAKELAND

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HOLIDAYS

IN THE

ENGLISH LAKELAND

WHAT TO SEE IN THIS WORLD-FAMOUS : HOLIDAY COUNTRY :

BY

W. T. PALMER

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Chapters.

Photo.] A LAKELAND IDYLL. *[Abraham.*

Index to Lakeland's Holiday Resorts.

Photo LMS STEAMER LEAVING BOWNESS PIER. [*Photochrom*

The Lake Country.

An Outdoor Holiday Area.

COME to the Lake Country where there is outdoor glory every week of the year! Every lover of the open air, whether active or otherwise, can enjoy the fine and well-varied surroundings, and take share in actual rambles along the world's most beautiful tracks and lanes, in sailing or rowing on the lakes, in roaming over great shelves of moor, in climbing long and steep ridges. The most strenuous and difficult rock-climbing in the world is to be found in the Lake Country, but the Scafell crags, Pillar Rock in Ennerdale, the rocks about Buttermere, Borrowdale, Langdale and Coniston also offer the finest of training courses for the novice.

The angler will find his favourite sport in ideal surroundings, but more than any other holiday maker he is advised to come early in the year. In April, May and June the trout of the lakes are in most active trim. During the holiday months of July and August, it must be admitted that sport with the rod languishes, and the spoils in great waters go mainly to the all-night angler experts. Clear waters, drought on the land, and strong sunshine send trout deep into the waters, so in Windermere and elsewhere

the sportsman turns to the swarming perch. The visitor-angler must await the coming of floods in the small dale-streams, or go to the high and remote mountain tarns. This is usually a pedestrian feat with a smack of sport midway to justify the carrying of a rod, basket and kit. In some of our tarns the trout are really excellent, but they are wary as well.

The golfer finds courses everywhere—of the sea-shore type at Grange-over-Sands, Walney, Askam, Silecroft, Seascale and St. Bees; of the inland variety, often in most striking surroundings, at Silverdale, Conishead, Kendal, Bowness, Ambleside, Keswick, Penrith, Cockermouth, Newby Bridge, and at Cartmel-lane (Grange-over-Sands), while tennis is played in every village. Bowls, a favourite game in the district, can be shared with the dalesfolk in quite out-of-the-way hamlets. Golf putting-courses are also exceedingly popular.

Thousands who come to the Lake Country for holidays make no pretence to be athletic folk. Their ardour for exploration is quenched by trips such as from Grasmere up to Easedale tarn, or from Keswick to Watendlath. And a whole day can be devoted to either of these. From Coniston they are satisfied with the fine walk to Tarn Hows with its wonderful view of distant ridges. The Lakes offer easy expeditions by the hundred to people who desire to take their holidays quietly. National Trust properties are a great boon to such—from Keswick and Windermere they can easily reach thousands of acres of country which will remain unspoilt to the end of time. The great Gowbarrow Park, with Aira Force, practically on the Ullswater shore, is a magnificent and easily accessible place for quiet rambles. These properties will be described fully as they come within purview during our tour of the Lake Country.

Photo. A LAKELAND SHEPHERD FEEDING THE MOUNTAIN SHEEP. *Abraham.*

It must be added that local authorities in the area are alert to the value of open spaces and parks, and during the past few years many have been acquired in every direction. In regard to field paths and open moors, the Lake Country is probably the best served in the world. There are rights-of-way in every possible direction, and the high-lying land is entirely available. Care should be taken to shut all gates, and rubbish should not be littered about.

Admittedly the writer's personal feeling is with the more active minority of our Lake Country visitors. At all hours and seasons he has travelled every ridge and moorland track; he has taken share in the less difficult rock climbs, and fished in most of the lakes, streams and tarns. Born within the confines of the Lake Country, he spent forty years more or less continuously adding to his knowledge and enthusiasm. The years have brought comparison with other holiday areas, but never to the detriment of the Lake Country. It is a miniature and beautiful world in itself, with every virtue of peak and moor, dale, river and lake and even the sea—and it is without the miles of dreary featureless land one so constantly finds between the show places elsewhere.

Where is the Lake Country ? asks the man from the Outer Empire. It is that compact piece of North-western England which lies to the west of the main railway line from Lancaster to Carlisle, and is bounded by the Irish Sea. It contains four main peaks of over 3,000 feet, some hundreds over 2,000 feet; 14 lakes; scores of mountain tarns, and four stream systems. It is a small area, for a twenty-mile circle from its heart at Grasmere contains all the lakes, fells and villages. Yet its exploration requires a good deal of time and care. The roads are excellent, climbing the high passes by well-engineered inclines, but the paths are better.

The globe-trotter is often hustled through the area in less than a day. According to itinerary, he is brought to the foot of Windermere after spending a morning at Chester; the steamer is taken up the lake to Bowness where tea, dinner and bed are arranged. After breakfast, next morning the race is continued by boat to Waterhead, then by motor to Keswick, to catch the early afternoon train to Scotland.

This is not even skimming the Lake Country, yet thousands who come half-way across the world are compelled to make this tantalising hustle, and they regret for ever the opportunity which was to hand and then lost.

Above all things, the Lake Country is a holiday area for those who can walk. The places of interest are so varied, with all kinds of passes and routes of approach, that one can use all sorts of vehicles to help, but the foot alone can conquer the Lake Country. Excellent bus services ply along the main roads, solving the problem of the miles between villages, but if everything is to be seen in detail, the rest of the way must be done on foot. This is the sort of trip which repays well: it is easy to spin from Ambleside along the four miles of main road to Grasmere in a few minutes if necessary, but can the journey over tarmac be compared to the walk through Rothay Park and under Loughrigg nearly to Pelter Bridge (1½ miles), and then, without again crossing the stream, through the oaks to Rydal Water, and passing

along its strand, ascend the long terrace walk to Red Bank, where a path on the left of the highway through the woods makes an easy descent to the tiny lake, three quarters of a mile away from the village? Still better is the path from Rydal village (reached by crossing Pelter Bridge and walking a few hundred yards along the main road), climbing up the lane on the right past Rydal Mount, and then left along the path where the great nature-poet, William Wordsworth, must often have gone "stepping westward." The track inclines along the face of Nab Scar, giving fine views, and drops down to White Moss, and to the Grasmere road, past Dove Cottage, touching the motor route within half a mile of the village church.

Travel as you will, and when you will, the Lake Country has always a secret of great beauty to offer the visitor, and a life-time of keen rambling has failed to rob the district of its secret of surprise. Keep looking round, and you will find something new even in familiar areas.

FOOT OF RYDAL WATER AND NAB SCAR.

Photo.] A CATTLE SCENE, DERWENTWATER AND CAUSEY PIKE. [*Abraham.*

Photo.] MINIATURE RAILWAY, RAVENGLASS TO BOOT. [*Silverpoint.*

When to go—Lakeland through the Seasons.

When should the visitor come to the Lake Country? A century ago the genial Christopher North (Professor John Wilson), of Elleray, eulogised its season as lasting from January 1 to December 31—and he was undoubtedly right. Each month has its own delight.

In January there is snow on the fells and ice on the high level tarns. Though so far north the Lake Country (even the hill villages) has a milder winter than might be expected. It is far more genial than any place on the East Coast of England. Except in the actual hours of storm, the fells and passes are open to the careful and well-equipped rambler. The occasions on which the mercury falls to zero, are rare—about twice in every generation of thirty years. There are often fine winter days in the dales when the fells are masked in rain and snow clouds—and equally there are often fine clear outlooks from the high tops when the dales are hidden in mist. A view over clouds with peaks just thrusting their pure white tops into sight is wonderful indeed.

February (if ever) is the month for snow sports in the Lake Country. In hard winters enthusiasts often pretend to bewail the lack of initiative which does not allow some other persons building a chalet or hut on Sticks Pass (2,420 feet), near Helvellyn (3,118 feet), in a district where ski-ing is possible (given snow) for miles. The mountaineer of Alpine experience may snatch a holiday and assault the snow-choked gullies of Great End and Scafell.

March brings milder days: there are snowdrops in the orchards, and the daffodil-spears begin to push their way through the sod of leaf-wreaths. But on the heights it is often coarse winter indeed, and the drifts left by February storms are deepened. There are still drifts and ice-fields enough to make tracks and ridges laborious and even a bit dangerous, but the ordinary paths are not greatly involved.

April (which is Eastertide) is a glorious time. The air is steeped in sunshine without becoming really too warm. There are relics of snow and ice hanging among the cliffs, particularly on the northern faces of the hills. In the valley there is silver and gold in the turf—daisies and daffodils, primroses and celandines—and the larks sing for joy. The days are longer and more brilliant, and though there are showers, the impression is that they are merely passing whims of the weather. With the end of April the wheatear comes back to the hills, and is the companion of the quiet rambler.

May-time is splendid: the angler has the best of his sport in full waters; there is foam of hawthorn on the hedges, the swallows fly round the old farms; there are lambs in the fields; and though colour does not rise too quickly among the great rocks, it is admittedly on the move. There is more contrast in the woods in May than at any other time of the year. We who know the Lake Country from daily experience always regret that our distant friends cannot take their holidays at this time. Whitsuntide is merely a tantalising taste of the real delights of scent and colour at the Lakes.

June brings a stronger and more solid tone to the woodlands ; it is the time of singing birds and of nests. The fields take on raiments and jewels of purple and red and blue in addition to their earlier delights. The hill-tops are splendid ; the days are long and though there is heat in the dales the outlook from the ridges is fine. One looks over lilac and green plains, say, to the Border, and to Scotland beyond the bright blue sword of Solway, or down the shaded and tinted woods of Furness, with their specks of green fields, right away to Morecambe Bay.

July is a month which faces both ways : the earlier days have the joy of June, but after St. Swithin's Day the weather is apt to be mixed for a while. One may be prepared to enjoy, and to champion the enjoyment of real wet weather. We take rain as it comes. But the visitor who is accustomed only to a retirement indoors when a few raindrops spit, is not so happy on wet days. In the Lake Country towns such as Windermere, Bowness, Ambleside, and Keswick, there are indoor amusements. To the angler the odd rainy day is welcome, for it fills the rills and sends the waterfalls dancing and twisting down the hillsides, rousing the fish in the pools to prowl for food washed from the fields. Even in July the rainfall rarely continues for more than half a day without some cessation—and a couple of hours between showers bring a series of views of rolling mist and sparkling water, morning beauty and glory of evening, which is not lost to mind.

August brings crowds to the Lake District : every vehicle is packed ; every road and track has its string of travellers. Grasmere is a favourite place to note the passing crowd, and a wonderful study it makes. In August the voices of happy youngsters dominate all other sounds, and you hear the boys and girls on far-off ridges and passes. There is the height of colour in August though already bits of gold appear in the green beds of bracken, and the flower has gone from rowan and hawthorn and elderberry. The birds are less tuneful than usual, this being the time of their moult. But wren and robin and white-breasted dipper rollick to their hearts' content and to the limit of their tiny lungs' power.

September brings the first tints of autumn. The bracken turns red and then gold ; the heather (which is not so abundant here as in Scotland) loses its purple glow ; and there are changes in the woods. Before the end of the month wild fruits in red and crimson and brown are plentiful, and the leaves of birch and beech, of lime and elm, begin to turn colour. The great autumn parade begins : the swallows fly together before journeying south ; the mornings are white with mist and dew, and every fence and wall is hung with spiders' webs outlined in beads of moisture. But you must be up early—after breakfast this has disappeared and you have bright sunshine gleaming over the many-coloured hillsides. The thrushes sing again. On the ridges the air is brisk, and the days begin to shorten.

October ends the beneficent trick of "summer-time." The evenings become one hour longer ; the tide of tints rises to its height ; the ridges are splashed with stains of red bracken, brown heather, gold and white moss, with carmine of bilberry on the ledges, red of rowan leaves and fruit in the gullies, and purple of bird cherry. The stormcock gets his rougher voice and tries to outsing the larks in sunny hours ; he is the minstrel of wild weather.

November—no one has a good word for the British November, but there have been days of radiant memory. From the track above Coniston (where for nearly twenty years we met for a November climbers' feast) we used to look over tinted woodlands to the strong blue and lilac of Fairfield and Red Screes and the Kirkstone fells. " In the Alps this would be called a glorious morning " said one who is the first authority on mountain form and colour in this generation. There might be the contrast of early snow on the fells, and a world of woodland tints mirrored in the lake far below. November is the month of contrasts, and most days have beauties worth seeing for those who tarry and seek such adventures.

December brings the climbers back to the rocks and ridges. Christmas at Wasdale Head or Buttermere is a time of hard work all day and typical enjoyment at night. The light fades at four ; it is lamp-light at tea time ; so that the ridges and passes must be left early. Alongside the lakes one remembers many a fine stroll, not in hard frost with ice breaking on the pools, but with a softness in the air which made walking easy and seemed to illumine everything with a beauty of its own. December is not the time for hermit-faring, and it is easy to find lively companions for Christmas among the fells.

Photo.] A LAKELAND SHEPHERD. [*Abraham.*

BELLE ISLE, WINDERMERE.

NEWBY BRIDGE, FOOT OF WINDERMERE.

WINDERMERE.

Being the most southerly, largest and most accessible of the lakes, Windermere must take first place. This involves no discussion on the beauties of Derwentwater and Ullswater. The usual points of Windermere aimed for are (1) the high-lying Windermere village and station, nearly 1½ miles from Bowness on the lake, and (2) the route recommended by the poet Wordsworth over a century ago which an increasing number now follow. They come by rail up the gorge of the River Leven on the Lakeside Branch from Ulverston, and traverse the lake either to Bowness (6 m.) or Waterhead (11 m.) (Ambleside) piers. In these years of motor services it is easy to reach any part of the long townlet which stretches from Bowness bay to Windermere station (1½ m.), or any place along the mile from Waterhead pier to Ambleside.

Bowness, Windermere and Ambleside are places capable of entertaining any and every class of visitor. There are first-class hotels which have been the home of Royalty, temperance and lodgings, and so keenly does the entertainment industry organise itself that even in the busiest times a room is usually to be discovered, perhaps at short notice. The people who prefer comfort write ahead and make sure of rooms and food. In point of size, Windermere and Bowness make one straggling town of about 6,500 inhabitants, and Ambleside has a population of under 3,000, but in both districts the accommodation of visitors has been practised and studied for many years, and there is a high standard of service. There is plenty of choice of hotels at Windermere, Bowness, and on the Lake.

The great lake, 10½ miles long, is, of course, the attraction. Steamers ply to the important piers of Lakeside, Storrs, Bowness, Lowwood, and Waterhead (Ambleside), while small craft go to Ferry landing, Millerground, and other places. The area near Bowness is, of course, the liveliest, but there are plenty of quiet stretches for those who take a boat and explore. The art of rowing on our lakes is not hard to acquire; there are neither tidal rips nor swift current to give trouble, and the squalls which, on a windy day, send the sailing yachts leaning to a sensational angle do not really affect small rowing boats to a serious extent.

The approach to the lake from Ulverston is a fine introduction to our great holiday area. Through the gaps of river valleys there are intriguing glimpses of distant mountain ranges, and the first view of the lake itself is wonderful—a great river-like stretch of water fringed by rocky woodlands and with a rim of mighty peaks in the distance. Increasing numbers of tourists sojurn in the area near Lakeside, where excellent quarters are to be had. In addition to good hotels, there is plenty of cottage and farm accommodation, and one can easily ramble in quaint and quiet districts, as yet untouched by heavy traffic.

The lake gradually opens as the steamer goes north; there are a few rocky and wooded islets, and the ridges behind Graythwaite seem craggy. Beyond Rawlinson's Nab there is a glimpse of Coniston Old Man (2,633 ft.), towering over the lower heights. On the opposite shore Gummers' How

(1,054 ft.) rises steeply and presents a wooded front. Storrs Point is next visible, with its hotel facing down the lake. The great park of Wordsworth's time is now given over to villa-dom. "Ferry" hotel is the next point; from the Nab opposite, an ancient right of ferry is still exercised, and the ferry-boat or a launch from Bowness to "Ferry" hotel (1 m.) is key to some fine rambles through Furness Fells to Ambleside. The great mass (comparatively) of Belle Isle seems to block the passage ahead, but a deep channel goes through the narrows past Cockshott Point, and the boat turns into Bowness bay, with its tiers of hotels on the hillside above, and a great public park on the right. The park commands magnificent views up the bay and to the distant fells.

Bowness is the great pleasure port of the lake. It has its yacht and boat building sheds and a yacht club, and also a motor-boat club, for the enthusiasts.

Beside the park there are other fine outlooks: from Queen Adelaide's hill on the Ambleside road (administered by the National Trust), the outlook is striking indeed. The walk from Bowness is about a mile and the climb is up a grassy incline 120 feet from lake level. Boats come to the landing (Millerground) at the hill's foot. Biskey Howe (170 ft. above lake) is a steeper climb, with a good view; and Orrest Head (654 ft. above lake), the entrance of which is opposite to Windermere station, 1½ miles from the lake, is best of all. Each view has its merits: Queen Adelaide's hill gives intimate detail of the lake and lower woods; the Howe has a bird's-eye view of Bowness and the narrows. In its way, Orrest Head, (which is about 15 minutes from the station), is the finest of British views, overlooking the great trough of the lake and commanding a wonderful circuit of peaks from Ingleborough in Yorkshire, by the Kentmere fells to Red Screes, Fairfield, Langdale Pikes, Great Gable, Great End, Bowfell, Scafell Pike, Wetherlam and Coniston Old Man. To the south-west there is a wide stretch of Morecambe Bay. Orrest Head is the only view in the Lake Country (away from high peaks and ridges) which has a glimpse of sea.

One phase of boating should not be overlooked—every one should spend some time among the islands of the lake. The big one opposite Bowness Bay (Belle Isle) extends to about 30 acres. It is private property, and landing is not permitted. Near it are Hen Holm and Lady Holm, the latter being the site of ancient St. Mary's chapel, served by priests from a Scottish abbey. Rough Holm is beyond, off Rayrigg. Behind Belle Isle is the rough and low Thompson's Holm, and between it and the Ferry come the Lily-of-the-Valley isles and Crowholm. Below the Ferry, Ramp Holm is the largest island. An afternoon's boating among these makes a memorable expedition indeed.

There are scores of good rambles from Bowness and Windermere, many by field paths, as through Rayrigg woods (2 miles); or across the rocky land beyond Orrest Head; or in the heathery country behind Heathwaite (1¾ miles). By means of the Ferry, about ten minutes from Bowness, access is given to many paths through the Furness woods towards Sawrey, Wray and Hawkshead (5¼ miles). The parks next Bowness bay and Queen Adelaide's Hill are also very attractive. The latter has a bathing station which is greatly used. There are golf links between Windermere and Bowness; also on the Kendal-Ferry road a couple of miles away.

Photo.] [*Photochrom*

BOWNESS BAY AND BOAT PIER.

LANGDALE PIKES.

Passing forward up the lake, the wider part is now reached, where the view opens out to a grandeur which is almost unparalleled. Great rock-peaks shoulder into the sky, there are tumbled woodlands, green sheepwalks, and glorious mountain coves. A mere list of peaks and ridges helps little in describing the beauty of the great scene which is foregrounded with ruffled silver of the lake, overpatched with sailing shadows of clouds, and robed in a wonderful garment of green and gold and brown.

Lowwood is entirely a hotel pier, and steamers only call when they have passengers to land or the signal to call is extended from the pier. Otherwise they keep up the centre of the lake and so approach Ambleside Pier. Lowwood is a good point for gaining the steep but quiet lane to Troutbeck village (2 miles) with its wonderful return route by Skelghyll to Ambleside (5-6 miles in all).

Within recent memory Waterhead was a mere row of boarding houses and hotels, but now the buildings are almost continuous up to Ambleside, a town of about 2,900 inhabitants, which in itself extends in hillside streets round the principal hotels. "The axle of a wheel of beauty" is James Payn's apt description of the place. The town is 5 miles of lakeside road from Windermere station and 16 from Keswick. The lake gives boating, fishing, and swimming facilities. There is also trout angling in the streams. Golf on the Loughrigg course, tennis, bowls, etc., are easily obtained. The Assembly Rooms is the cinema and entertainment centre. The old Bridge House over the Stock is in the hands of the National Trust. Rothay Park is in the level meadows near that stream and is a wonderful bit of open country. There is a Roman Camp near Waterhead (National Trust).

Ambleside is the centre for splendid walks, the shortest of which is perhaps that up to Stock Ghyll Force ($\frac{1}{2}$ mile), a cataract in which the chief plunge is 60 feet. A toll of 3d. is usually charged, and this is spent in the upkeep of a beautiful little stretch of native wood with seats and walks. The next walk is across the park behind the church either to the Rothay, or entering by the side of Stock Beck, going over Stepping Stones in the Rothay stream ($\frac{3}{4}$ mile). The road beneath Loughrigg can then be taken either to Pelter Bridge ($\frac{3}{4}$ mile) and Rydal, or to Rothay Bridge (1 mile), from which it is half a mile to Ambleside. The walk to Sweden Bridge in Scandale (2 miles) is also worth while. One can go up one side of the stream and down the other for quite a distance.

Everyone goes up Kirkstone Pass (1,500 feet) from Ambleside, either by the Stock Ghyll path and so along the south of the stream; or up the steep road on the other side. This finishes up "The Struggle," a rough loose bit of road below the inn. The two routes meet at the little white-walled inn on the top of the pass. From both routes there is a fine view of Red Screes, and alluring it seems. If one contemplates the ascent, the steep ridge should be taken in front of the inn, and one hour allowed for the scramble. One has known this to be considerably exceeded. Another hour should bring the party westward along the long easy descent of the hill to the road about a mile above Ambleside. If the day be clear, the straight descent to the pass (1,700 ft.) between Brothers Water and Scandale is worth while, with a return down Scandale to Sweden Bridge ($1\frac{3}{4}$ miles).

As seen from the Stock Ghyll path, Wansfell (1,581 ft.) is attractive and the steep line of ascent is well marked. From Ambleside one can also reach Loughrigg Fell (1,101 ft.) without any road travel, crossing to the golf links from the park. Routes upon that great triangular moor are plentiful and easy to find.

Troutbeck is reached by some fine walks from Ambleside. You can go by road all the way, past Lowwood and into a steep winding lane which ascends to Troutbeck village (4½ miles). There are paths direct from Wansfell top, but the prettiest way is by Skelghyll (3½-4 miles), starting either from Ambleside village or by Jenkin Crag from Waterhead. This route commands views which have been compared, perhaps a trifle boldly, to that from Orrest Head. Windermere and Bowness have a share too in Troutbeck. The former has a great ramble through the woods from the Orrest Head path (2 miles).

The old village of Troutbeck, which stands high above its church, is full of old-fashioned houses, some with outer galleries instead of staircases to give access to the bedroom storeys. This is a bit of architecture the Lake Country inherited from its Norse settlers. They arrived early in the 9th century, and the place names, dialect, etc., are full of old Scandinavian tricks and turns.

TARN HOWS, WINDERMERE.

ESTHWAITE WATER.

Photo.] BLEA TARN, LITTLE LANGDALE. [*Photochrom.*

What to See in Lakeland.

ESTHWAITE AND CONISTON.

These two lakes lie immediately west of and parallel to Windermere. They are, however, quite different in their types of beauty. Esthwaite Water (1½ miles long) indeed discharges by Cunsey Beck into the great lake. Its basin is shallow and there are no near peaks. Helvellyn (3,118 ft.), Fairfield (2,863 ft.), and the Langdales (2,401 ft.) are visible, but too far away to dominate the view. Moreover, the entire lake is in private ownership ; there is little boating and fishing, and public access is confined to short stretches where roads run alongside the lake.

The only village in the Esthwaite basin is Hawkshead, with less than 1,500 inhabitants, chiefly remarkable for its crowded ground-plan in which lanes are twisted in all directions. The ancient church above the village, and the building which was formerly the grammar school where William Wordsworth was educated, are also shown. A desk, on which the initials " W.W." are carved, is the chief object of hero-worship. The poet's lodgings in one of the squares are also of interest as a specimen of the old type of architecture in Furness. There are a couple of hotels and plenty of private lodgings. Hawkshead was formerly off the main line of motor traffic, but in these days there is an increasing number of buses working through from Ambleside (5 miles), Lakeside and Ulverston.

There are plenty of rambles away from the beaten track : over Hawkshead Moor to Grisedale, Satterthwaite and Force Forge, over Dale Park to Rusland by an old-time road. Outgate, Wray and Barngates are other points of interest, but the greatest trip is Tarn Hows, reached by a variety of routes. By footpath from " Flag-street " (now concreted for the most part) to Hawkshead Hill is one route, but there is another as good by Betty Fold. By the shortest route, Tarn Hows is about an hour from Hawkshead (and about an equal distance from Coniston), but a whole afternoon or evening should be devoted to the walk. The great view is from the slope overlooking a tarn or small lake, with a splendid background of mountains including Helvellyn and many other giants. There is a wealth of colour, no matter what the season may be.

If the walk is extended toward Coniston, the return should be made from the foot of the hill where track and road meet, to High Cross and then by Hawkshead Hill home again (5 miles in all).

Of late years Coniston Lake has been rather neglected in comparison with other areas of the Lake District. So long as John Ruskin was alive at Brantwood, there were literary pilgrims from all parts of the world to see the home and haunts, if not the person, of the great art critic, political economist, and master of English writing. The village and district has wonderful natural charm and it is a fine centre for walks. The mountains practically brood over the little bunch of hotels, lodgings and cottages, and walks into the lower coves and on the ridges are plentiful. There are tennis courts and a bowling green at the Ruskin Institute and Museum as well as the fine old yew-surrounded church there are several chapels.

The village bridge is a good starting point : it spans the rattling Church Beck which has come from the rocks. Go toward the " Sun " hotel (right), and there turn right into a lane, which shortly becomes a field path and dips into a larch wood where it becomes wider and more striking. The beck goes in white ribbons and blue pools far below, and in front one is soon conscious of a bigger waterfall. The track crosses the stream beyond the top of this. If you want a fine walk go left alongside the next waterfall (which has a corkscrew turn in descent) into Mines Valley and at some cottages turn to the right up a path which zigzags to the moor. Here are fine views down the lake, and across the broken hills of Furness. The going is somewhat sloppy along the rough track to the top of Tilberthwaite Ghyll. This is a deep rent in the hillside, with small waterfalls and fine rocks, which has been made accessible by means of wooden bridges, ladders and traverses.

The return to Coniston (2½ miles) is down the Tilberthwaite Valley which has all the colour and strength of a Scottish glen, and beneath Yewdale crags to the village. The expedition can be turned into an easy day by continuing left from the junction with the Yewdale road, and after half a mile entering the steep and beautiful Glen Mary on the right. There are several pretty waterfalls, and the trees, being mostly young oaks, make a lovely warm green light on a sunny day. Glen Mary stream is the outlet of Tarn Hows. The return to Coniston by the steep road down the woods is obvious.

There is boating on Coniston Lake (5½ miles long) at some little distance from the village, and the fishing is quite good at times. A steam gondola plies from the Waterhead pier (not the Ruskin pier or boat landing) to Lakebank. One's favourite walk at Coniston is the circuit of the lake, which can be done at all seasons of the year. To those unable to walk the whole distance at once, the steamer to Lakebank is recommended, the first time coming up the west road to Torver, with marvellous views here and there, and on the second taking the much longer round up the east side passing Brantwood, and having the lake as mirror to the mountains all the way. Or a boat may be hired at the Ruskin pier to convey the party to a headland below Brantwood, after which the east road is taken for home. The quaint old Coniston Hall, with its round-shafted chimneys, is one of the sights of the district : it is now a farm with flocks of sheep ranging far beyond the Old Man.

For hill-walks Coniston is a magnificent centre. The mere ascent of the Old Man (2,633 ft.) does not satisfy the active : on a clear day the walk can be continued north along the high level with little fatigue passing over Carrs (2,525 ft.) to Wetherlam (2,502 ft.), and keeping a little more to the west to pass Grey Friars and then descend into Wrynose Pass (1,270 ft.), returning home by Little Langdale.

RYDAL AND GRASMERE.

Beyond the plain of Ambleside, the Rothay has its gap through the mountains to an inner nook in which lie the lakes of Rydal and Grasmere. The intrinsic beauty of the area excels the merit of literary associations. True it is that William Wordsworth, born at Cockermouth in 1770, lived hereabout many years and died at Rydal Mount in 1853, that Hartley Coleridge lodged at Nab Cottage, that De Quincey followed Wordsworth as tenant of Dove Cottage, Grasmere, and that the best passages in their works have touches of colour from the green dales, the silvery streams and the purple hills.

The holiday-maker of to-day may have little more Wordsworth than the few verses he was compelled to study or memorise at school, and know still less about the other writers. But he has an eye for nature's beauty and a keen desire to ramble in the quiet places of the hills. As quarters, Rydal offers only one private roadside hotel ; there are no cottages, but Ambleside is only a long mile away. Grasmere, however, has made a success of entertaining all classes of visitors, and first-rate accommodation is always available, both in the village and outside.

In chapter I the different routes from Rydal or Ambleside to Grasmere have been contrasted. The high level Shepherds' Path, a favourite with Wordsworth, gives a fine view of Bowfell and the Langdale Pikes, and the lower route goes alongside the lapping waters of the lake. Rydalmere ($\frac{3}{4}$-mile long) is the smallest sheet of water accorded the name of lake. It is entirely private property, and not accessible for either fishing or boating. The Squires of Rydal, the Flemings or le Flemings, have zealously protected this gem of theirs though here and there quarry tips figure among the woods and along the bare hillsides. Rydalmere has a small islet, a reef or rock covered with wild-looking pine trees and alders. The main road bounded here and there with narrow strips of pasture goes past one side of the lake. At one point a spur of rock stands out, and this has been named " Wordsworth's Seat." Certainly it is a fine viewpoint and worth a call. The lake has much water-grass, and in some of the bays the white waterlily blooms in July and August. In winter Rydal is the first great body of water to carry skateable ice. It is sheltered from the winds, and frost soon grips a calm surface.

Beyond Rydalmere, the ridge intrudes and causes the roads and paths to slant to the left. There is, however, one fairly straight if rough path from White Moss (where the National Trust hold a small estate of about six acres), which climbs past some cottages and a shallow pool of water in a direct line for Grasmere Church. It is possible to motor by a second road over the open common which leads to the renowned Wishing Gate and its ecstatic view over the lake to Silver Howe and Helm Crag. The modern road sweeps through the woods by a majestic curve, and comes to the edge of the other lake suddenly at Penny Rock. By the way, the corner is pretty dangerous, and any one wishing to enthuse over the scenery had better take regard to his place on the roadway.

Photo.] A STUDY OF CATTLE AT GRASMERE—SILVER HOW. [*Abraham*

GRASMERE FROM RED BANK.

WORDSWORTH'S SEAT, RYDAL WATER.

RYDAL MOUNT, RYDAL.

The rambler who takes the western side of Rydalmere from Pelter Bridge has the choice of crossing the Rothay by a footbridge to White Moss, and then following whichever route he prefers over the ridge, or of continuing up the path which becomes the famous Loughrigg terrace, with one of the world's finest views over lake, dale, pass and peak. Even a corner of Skiddaw Forest appears as the terrace rises toward Red Bank. The path down the woods from Red Bank turns away from the motor road and is very pleasant. A time allowance of two hours from Ambleside should be sufficient.

Grasmere is a grey cluster of houses round an ancient church, with scattered hamlets such as Town Head, White Bridge and Town End, dropped at road-ends and bridges. Probably the old church has a Saxon foundation, but there is more of Norman type in arches and pillars. Here came to worship Wordsworth and many of his friends, and in the churchyard outside are the graves of the great poet, his wife, sister Dora, and many of his family. Hartley Coleridge lies near, with William Green the artist, and many famous people. The little cottage where "Famous Gingerbread" is sold was the village school in Wordsworth's time. The Rush-bearing festival is still kept up, and a great event in August is the "Sports."

At Dove Cottage, in Town End, Wordsworth lived from 1799 to 1808, and every nook is sacred to his best poetry—the ivy, little well, mosses, and even the roses are recalled in lines which have lived and will live for years to come. Wordsworth was followed in his tenancy by Thomas De Quincey, author of the great "Confessions of an Opium-eater." The house is now a Wordsworth Museum. Before leaving the vale for Rydal, the poet also lived in the old Vicarage and at Allan Bank.

Grasmere has a village hall (with a famous "Rush-bearing" picture), with public tennis courts and playgrounds. Outside the tourist season, Grasmere is a self-contained little community, and organises its own Dialect Plays and other entertainments.

From Grasmere many splendid hill walks are available. The favourite of all, maybe, is that up Easedale, past Sour Milk Ghyll, which may be a roaring cataract or a mere trickle among the rocks, and climbs up to Easedale Tarn (2½ miles—1¼ hours). This is a route for everyone, as the return is simple when it becomes inconvenient to go forward. To ordinary walkers, Easedale Tarn should be reached in little over the hour, but there's a good deal to admire and one can turn off almost anywhere and find fresh beauty. Helm Crag (1,300 ft.—1 hour) is an obvious scramble: it's a good deal easier when outflanked from the Far Easedale track. There are pleasant lanes beneath Helm Crag to Town Head, and one can adventure into almost unknown country by following a shepherds' track from Ghyll Foot into Greenburn dale. From this one might put in a climb to the ridge of Gibson Knott (1,379 ft.) and then follow to Helm Crag and Grasmere. The walk up Tongue Ghyll on the other side of the vale can be varied by following the pony track to the summit of Grisedale Pass (1,929 ft.), and returning by a path on the opposite side of the stream, which is both obvious and easy. Helvellyn (3,118 ft.) and Fairfield (2,862 ft.) can be reached by this route.

Grasmere is the hill-walker's best village for visiting Langdale, though quieter folk may prefer to take the motor bus up the dale from Ambleside to Dungeon Ghyll (6½ miles), and return in the same easy fashion. There is only

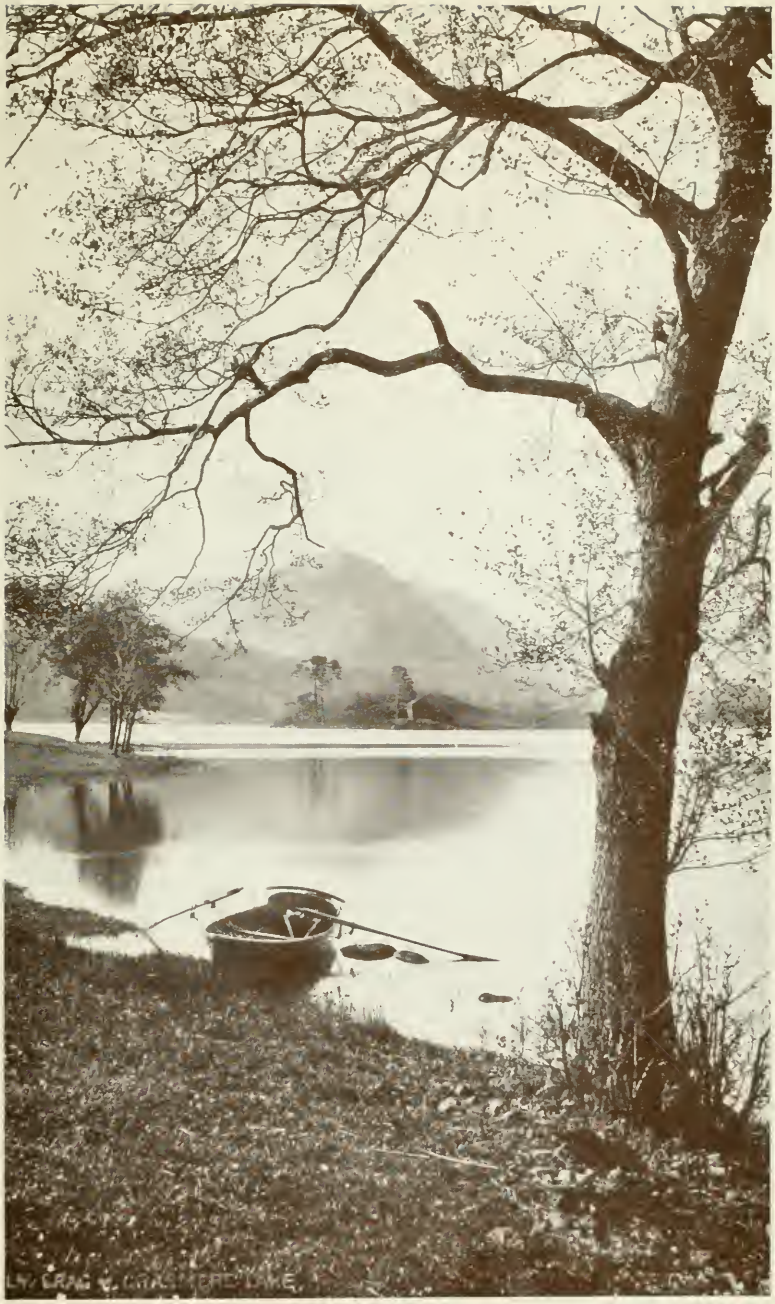

Photo.] A PEEP AT GRASMERE AND HELM CRAG. *Abraham*

one road from Grasmere, the terrifically steep Red Bank, but there are a fair number of mountain paths. The shortest is through a gap above Hunting Stile, and has the merit of being a cut to, and from, Elterwater and Little Langdale. The next goes to the south of Silver Howe, turning in at a gate just beyond Pavement End, passing the old Rifle Butts, and coming down Meg's Ghyll into Langdale (4½ miles—2 hours). A third (2½ hours) slants from Allan Bank, and can be used either as ascent of Silver Howe (1,300 ft), which has a noble outlook on Grasmere Vale, or as a through route. Once he gains the high ground, however, the sensible ridge-walker follows the comb between the two dales, and such a person would either go by Sergeant Man (2,414 ft.) and along the edge of Pavey Ark (2,288 ft.) to the Pikes (2,401 ft.), from which there are steep paths down to Dungeon Ghyll and the dale, or he could turn off and reach the dale by way of Stickle Tarn and Mill Ghyll. Another route for high Langdale goes from Easedale Tarn to Codale Tarn, then crosses the ridge to the cove of Stickle Tarn, joining the above route near Sergeant Man.

The head of Great Langdale gives scores of mountain rambles. Beside ascending the Pikes, there are walks up Bowfell (2,960 ft.), along the Crinkle Crags (2,816 ft.), the Pike o' Blisco (2,304 ft.) ; and there are two well-known mountain passes, the steep Eskhause (2,490 ft.) which is taken on the way to Scafell Pike (3,210 ft.) and Wasdale Head, and the easier Stake Pass (1,576 ft.) which leads to Borrowdale and Keswick. There are also mountaineers' passes through the Three Tarns Gap (2,750 ft.) above Hell Ghyll to Eskdale ; and through Browney Ghyll past Red Tarn to Cockley Beck and the Duddon.

Little Langdale can be reached across the greater dale by way of Blea Tarn Pass from Dungeon Ghyll, a rough sort of road with many zigzags. The better road is from Elterwater (" Britannia " Inn) through Colwith, up the long ascent to Little Langdale village (" Tourist's Rest ") and past the tarn (on the left) of the same name. A mile beyond this, the road ahead goes into Wrynose Pass (1,270 ft.) for the Duddon Valley, but the walker continues climbing to the right on the road to Blea Tarn, one of the most striking of our mountain lakelets. The view towards the Pikes is probably the most photographed piece in the Lake Country.

From Elterwater village there is a footpath across the meadows to Skelwith, passing the reedy mere after which the former village is named. The view of the Pikes is striking, and at the end of the path, just where the road is reached, is the low but pretty Skelwith Force. Though the water falls merely ten feet, there is more bulk than in the average Lake Country force, and after rain there is considerable water-thunder. A walk from the hamlet of Skelwith bridge direct to Grasmere takes one past the little Loughrigg Tarn, a mere which in these days is seldom seen. The broad new road by Skelwith Force has robbed it of the traffic which came up the steep Ellers Brow in the old times.

THIRLMERE.

Thirlmere (3½ miles long) should be considered, as regards its southern half, as part of the Grasmere zone. The great road over Dunnail Raise splits and goes along both sides of the lake, the branches meeting again on the Shoulthwaite Moss near Naddle. On the easterly route is the little church of Wythburn. This is the starting point for the easiest routes up Helvellyn (3,118 ft.). On the western road there is a knot of houses under Steel End and the farm of West Head, but naturally the Manchester Corporation, whose reservoir Thirlmere is, discourage any halting in the valley, and forbid any further building. Recently they have closed the Nag's Head Inn, the only licensed house in the vale, opposite the church and school.

There is a path up Wythburn Head which after an hour splits, and the branches go left to Grasmere by way of Far Easedale, and right to Borrowdale over Greenup Ghyll. This, by the way, is not easy to follow, and more ramblers get lost here than anywhere in the Lake Country. Near West Head, on the western road, there is a path which strikes up by Harrop Tarn to Watendlath (4 miles—2 hours) and Keswick (5 miles). The moor is pretty deep going in wet weather. Another track from "Armboth" (the site of which is buried under the reservoir) goes to Watendlath in about an hour, over drier ground than the first-named and much longer route.

The rest of the west side of Thirlmere is planted deep with timber, and to scramble up the side of Launchy Ghyll, for instance, to the old Rocking Stone on the ridge is tedious. On the east side, the plantations are not so far advanced in places. The "pony track" to Helvellyn is still clear, but there are young trees in the direct path up the tongue between two streams which has been used from all time by pedestrians.

This is no carping criticism of Manchester's policy; the City is bound to safeguard (even by closing the "Nag's Head" Inn) its important water supply. The opening out of rock platforms at picturesque places on the west shore is a good help; perhaps something of the same sort, among the rising trees on the eastern side, will be cleared in due time.

The north-end of Thirlmere comes into the Keswick zone, being some five miles from that town, and in its list of "circular tours."

THIRLMERE AND HELVELLYN.

Photo. A CATTLE STUDY—ON THIRLMERE. *Abraham*

FRIAR'S CRAG, DERWENTWATER.

HEAD OF DERWENTWATER FROM CASTLEHEAD.

DERWENTWATER AND BASSENTHWAITE.

Derwentwater (3 miles long) aspires to the title of "Queen" of the English Lakes, and does so with good prospects of recognition. One might criticise the claim more fairly by declaring that Derwentwater is robust rather than feminine, that her throne therefore should be set among rock-ridges rather than verdant holms.

Derwentwater is certainly the most accessible of our popular lakes. Thanks to private generosity, the National Trust possesses and administers miles of the shore, and the public wanders at ease through delightful woods, along beautiful bays, and climbs ridges to the finest of mountain walks. A fleet of motor-boats renders the properties near the lake very easy of reach. Friars' Crag is the starting point, and there are landings at Ashness Gate near Barrow Lodge, Lodore, Brandlehow, and Portinscale. Derwentwater has several beautiful islands: on wooded Derwent Isle is a mansion; St. Herbert's was once a place of pilgrimage; Lord's was the island-home of the Earls of Derwentwater; Ramps Holm is rich in garlic, etc. The bays are very fine indeed, and boating on the lake, by day or moonlight, is especially impressive.

Keswick, with nearly 6,000 inhabitants, is the metropolis of the Northern Lake District. More than any other town hereabouts it is built to a plan, the streets covering a level bit of ground between the Greta and the lake. Keswick has some great hotels and there are plenty of excellent temperance houses and private lodgings. Outside the town there are fine hotels at Lodore (3¼ miles) and Portinscale (1½ miles), as well as at the foot of Borrowdale (3½ miles).

At one time Keswick was famous for black-lead pencils, the lead for which came from the famous Borrowdale mines. Though there has been no production of metal there for many years, the industry, allied to cedarwood-work, still employs many hands and the mills are a sight for the visitor. There are also various Home Arts and Industries. Fitz Park, with tennis courts, bowling greens, etc., has also a museum with Flintoft's model of the Lake District. There are other models at Abraham's and Mayson's in Lake Road. Greta Hall, where Robert Southey lived for thirty years, is now a girls' school. Through the season there are indoor entertainments. There is also a nine-hole golf course.

As a centre for every kind of holiday maker, the town cannot be surpassed. It has lake and mountain scenery at hand, and smooth dales and rocky coves at no great distance. Thirlmere, Borrowdale and Newlands are all within easy reach, but quiet folk staying in the town can spend their days in easy and slow explorations round Derwentwater, which is only half-a-mile away. Friars' Crag is probably the finest low-level view-point in Britain, and John Ruskin classed it as the fifth great view in Europe. He came here as a small child, and dated his impressions of natural beauty from this vision of lake

and wood and mountain. Friars' Crag is one of those points which should never be taken for granted. Even when it is crowded there are wonderful changes of light and shade, of wind and cloud effects, to be seen. One rarely visits Keswick without seeing more of Friars' Crag, sometimes at the expense of a missed meal (which is but a trifle to pay).

Photographs show the fine shapes of bays and fells and wooded islets, but the colour is far more wonderful. The pines in the foreground are rosy of stem, blue-green of canopy; the water takes on every tint from flashing silver when the breeze ruffles, to crimson when the sun sets beyond the fells. Every cloud of blue or grey, of white touched with gold or carmine, is mirrored placidly or flashed like a prism on a breezy day. The coves of Derwentwater are sweeps of beauty, the woods are in every tint of green in summer, or red and brown in autumn and winter, and the fells raise their dark crags over great purple fans of scree which in their turn are touched with tender parsley fern, gross bracken, fine fern, with heather and bilberry above and below. And the crags have their ledges of grass and shields of clinging moss. There's a fine climblet up Castle Head (529 ft.) which gives the same view as from Friars' Crag but from a higher point, and to those who wish to wander further there are paths through the woods to Falcon Crag (1,050 ft.) and over the hills to Lodore.

The road round Derwentwater (9 miles) is delightful: every few minutes one passes some plot of public land—Cockshott Wood, Crow Park, Calf Close Bay, Manesty and Brandlehow are some of them. Then at Lodore after rain there is sight and sound of tumbling waters. In dry weather, however, Lodore may be a mere corridor of rock fragments with a rill tinkling in the depths. If you can see the splash of water from the road, it's worth climbing the gorge. Otherwise it may be considered a waste of time. The road goes on awhile then turns to the right over the River Derwent, beyond the marshes to Grange Bridge, with its striking glimpse into Borrowdale. In colour and position the hamlet of Grange seems to be placed entirely for artistic study. The road from the bridge now winds north along the hillside, and soon reaches a ledge high above the lake with the woods of Manesty and Brandlehow on one side and the open slopes of Catbells Ridge on the other, finally dropping down a corkscrew road to Swinside, Portinscale and Keswick. A considerable corner can be cut off by taking a footpath at Hause End which is indicated.

Beyond Portinscale Bridge one sees Crosthwaite Church, an ancient edifice on the site where, according to legend, St. Kentigern (or Mungo as they know him at Glasgow) raised his preaching cross and brought Christianity to the dales. The present edifice, which is typical of the larger Cumbrian parish churches, dates back to the 14th century, but the font is older. The windows and monuments are interesting. An island in Derwentwater is dedicated to the memory of St. Herbert, friend of St. Cuthbert, who had his cell and taught pupils there. Herbert and Cuthbert prayed that in death they might not be parted, and when the saint in Northumberland passed away, the aged scholar of Derwentwater had a vision of this. With a word of farewell to the students he, too, went beyond. There are innumerable stories of Derwentwater, and every nook of the district is worth a visit.

From Keswick eastward there are many walks in the country toward Thirlmere. The gorge of the Greta is well seen from the road to Threlkeld,

Photo.] *[Abraham.*

THE VIEW FROM SCAFELL PIKE (3,210 FT.) LOOKING NORTH TO DERWENTWATER.

BASSENTHWAITE AND SKIDDAW.

but better still from the path through Brundholm Woods. The Druids' Circle, about two miles from the town, can be reached easily by the old road which cuts up from the corner of Chestnut Hill on the Ambleside and Threlkeld roads. This is really a gloriously placed monument. From its slant one can see the peaks of Helvellyn (3,118 ft.) and Saddleback (2,847 ft.) most prominently, and the Stones can be seen from many road and foot passes a dozen miles away. On a clear day a ceremony at the Druids' Circle could be witnessed by clear-sighted people on distant tracks. Some of the monoliths are quite big fellows, but they cannot be compared with the trilithons of Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain. They are merely up-ended slabs and show no signs of masonwork.

From Druids' Circle there is a walk along the lane to the Ambleside road, and one can follow tracks in the same general direction right across to Lodore or Borrowdale. Or one can turn back toward Keswick and enjoy a wonderful surprise view from the brow above the town. The ramble can also be extended by turning along the Ambleside road to the left, and using the stile a few hundred yards forward for the Church of St. John's in the Vale. By this path the actual Vale of St. John is reached either at Wanthwaite or at Sosgill, the former being nearer to Threlkeld where the return to Keswick can be made by rail or on foot through lanes to the Brundholm Woods and along the Greta. From Sosgill to Thirlmere there is practically no alternative but the main road, but this is not usually busy and passes beneath the curious shattered pile of rocks known as the Castle Crags. Of this place Scott wove a wonderful tale in his " Bridal of Triermain," of a fair lady and her maids immured in rock dungeons for hard-heartedness, and of the knight who summoned the portal of rock and ventured within. After Thirlmere the return to Keswick can be made by road. There is refreshment at the cottages near the embankment, but a venture over the fells to Watendlath meets with no food until the hamlet is reached, and that's a long step away.

Borrowdale, which is entered four miles south of Keswick, is a wonderful place. Until recent times it was almost remote, and Rosthwaite saw streams of horse traffic during the high summer only. Carts of slate went down to Keswick, and brought back the few groceries desired. Nowadays the road has been widened and any day sees cars coming and going (aye, and stopping at narrow places !) on the way to the hills.

At Rosthwaite, about six miles up, there are good hotels and plenty of farm and other lodgings. The village is a knot of houses, clamped in a mass on to the road. The church beyond is quite simple, serving Stonethwaite, Thornthwaite and Seathwaite as well. Near the road from Keswick is the Bowder Stone, a poised block, 36 feet high and 62 feet long and weighing about 1,970 tons. The corner on which it is balanced seems ludicrously small, and one expects the whole rock to tilt over at a touch.

Rosthwaite and other hamlets in Borrowdale are mostly occupied by active climbers, but there is quiet pleasure in the lower tracks and coves of the hills for other people. There are passes up Greenup Ghyll to Grasmere, up the Langstrath valley and then over the Stake Pass to Langdale, over Honister to Buttermere, over Lobstone Band to Newlands, over Styhead to Wasdale Head, with less obvious through routes over Eskhause to Eskdale

or through the gap between Great and Green Gables to Ennerdale. The Borrowdale road passes several National parks—the Castle Crag at the entrance is one, and Grange Fell and Borrowdale Birches, an area of 310 acres, is another, while access to the great Climbers' Memorial Park (3,000 acres including the summits of Great Gable, Green Gable, Kirk Fell, and Great End) is made from Styhead Pass.

Another dale which gives pleasure to Keswick ramblers is that of Newlands: the best entrance for the active is by motor-boat to the Brandlehow landings, up to the side of Catbells, inclining slightly to the left until a footpath from Grange Bridge is joined. The track then climbs over a depression in the ridge, and drops down to Little Town and Newlands Church on the other side. From Little Town there is a direct lane to Stair and the return can be varied by a walk over Swinside (803 ft.) on the way to Keswick. There are any number of paths about the Newlands Vale, most of them making for mines which have long been abandoned. Newlands was once the Golconda or Peru of Northern England with treasures of silver, copper and lead. If on a walk hereabouts an old shaft or working is discovered, it should not be explored Many of them are in dangerous condition and the galleries and tunnels are apt to collapse.

The walks over Skiddaw and Saddleback (usually taken in two expeditions, but possible in one) are part of any mild Keswick holiday. For the former, there is an easy track past the station and over Latrigg (which is termed Skiddaw's Cub); beyond this the track climbs steeply up Lonscale Fell, ending in an easy track along the upper ridge to the summit, which is over 3,000 ft. above the sea. Saddleback is approached from Threlkeld station, and the climb is steeper throughout and rocky at places. There is no real difficulty in decent weather. Watendlath on the moors toward Wythburn is a favourite day or afternoon trip. The mileage is not large but the place is 847 feet above the sea and the hill is a long one to some people. Turn in at Ashness Gate near Barrow House, and in half-a-mile Ashness Bridge is reached—one of the best views of lakes and fells in the country. The next section climbs up among rocky woods; it is a good cart road all the way, and finally reaches the lively (sometimes) Watendlath Beck, which supplies the water to the Falls of Lodore. Alongside this the route passes, and then tops the edge of a green basin in the moors, a most beautiful place with a shield of a mountain tarn, with the mighty wall of Helvellyn beyond and swinging slopes to tamer peaks to right and left. Watendlath is eminently worth while. The distance is measured as five miles from Keswick, for nearly two of which a lift may be taken by a bus to Ashness Gate, but the task is worth an afternoon. Active folk can go forward from Watendlath to Borrowdale by a bridle path. It's about an hour's walk away.

BASSENTHWAITE LAKE.

Bassenthwaite Lake has suffered from being in first-class company; from its position on the outside of the Lake Country; from its regular outline, being almost an oblong four miles long and ¾-mile broad; and from other things, but principally from the fact that its approach from Keswick is across the long tedious flat where the River Derwent and Newlands Beck have deposited silt. One has to walk three miles at least across level and trying road to get to the head of this mere, and most people decide that it is not worth while.

In that they are wrong; the best section of Bassenthwaite begins at Peel Wyke, and the lake has an outlet prettier than many of the others—for instance, Derwentwater itself, which is not at all striking. The view from Ouse Bridge, in any other district, would be declared one of the finest possible, with its glance up the broad waters and the great smooth pikes of Skiddaw beyond. The western shore, along which road and rail run closely, is fine; on the opposite side there are splendid views all the way from the "Castle Inn" to the edge of Keswick. And some of the countryside is beautiful indeed, though its beauty is not just the same as that of inner lakeland. The woods of Wythop are lovely with the passage of the seasons; Barf (1,536 ft.) rises a cliff, though it is not really a rock-face at all. The "Pheasant Inn" at Peel Wyke is well known, but the district has no considerable village beyond Braithwaite until one reaches Cockermouth itself. Castle How, a steep hill opposite the hotel, is crowned with an ancient entrenched fort. The Derwent by way of Isel is pretty, and worth a visit. From the foot of Bassenthwaite, moorland and country lanes take the traveller into the country of the famous "John Peel," Caldbeck, Uldale, Ireby and their fells, and there is still fine hunting in winter time. Riding is, of course, impossible in a land where stone walls rise six feet straight, and the watercourses are rifts in the native rock.

The east shore of Bassenthwaite has deep bays at Scarness and Broadness, and there is an old church of St. Bridget at Bowness (not to be confounded with Bowness-on-Windermere). Of the view near Ouse Bridge, Mr. F. G. Brabant, an inveterate lover of the best in lake scenery, has written:—

> "Here is a strikingly beautiful picture. The contrast between the broad, hurrying river and the tranquil expanse of water it is leaving behind, the rich woods which fringe both lake and stream, and the majesty of Skiddaw rising beyond, complete a scene which, especially if viewed in evening light, will charm even those who are fresh from the glories of Derwentwater.
>
> "A little further the road skirts the foot of the lake, and by stepping down to its margin the best view of it is obtained. The most beautiful feature is the immense expanse of gleaming water, since the eye travels along the whole four miles of its length from end to end. The impressiveness of such a vista can be realised only in four scenes in Lakeland, the others being the view down Coniston Water from its head, that down the middle reach of Ullswater from near Glencoin, and, in a less degree, the lower reach of Windermere from Lakeside.
>
> "In these four views it is the lake itself, not its surroundings, that forms the chief beauty."

HEAD OF BUTTERMERE.

CRUMMOCK WATER AND GRASSMOOR.

What to See in Lakeland.

BUTTERMERE, CRUMMOCK AND LOWESWATER.

These three lakes belong to a common river system and are best considered together. And yet Loweswater, in its quiet setting in a side valley, is scarcely noticed in comparison with the popularity of the others. Buttermere and Crummock Water are practically one lake, separated by a half-mile barrier of flat meadow. The level of the former is 329 feet, of the latter 321 feet above the sea. Buttermere is 1¼ miles long and less than half-a-mile wide, but Crummock is double the length and about ¾-mile at its widest.

Cockermouth is the centre for all three lakes. It is a town of 5,203 inhabitants, situated at the junction of Cocker and Derwent. William Wordsworth was born in 1770 in a house in the main street, and his father is buried in the church. The castle which was built soon after the Conquest was a place of great strength, but it succumbed to a month's siege during the war between King and Parliament. The Roundheads held it for a while but the castle was dismantled in 1648. The ruins are extensive and picturesque. The Old Hall Inn in the main street was the place where Henry Fletcher was the host of Mary, Queen of Scots, during her journey from Workington Hall to Carlisle Castle. There is good salmon and trout fishing in the Derwent as well as in its tributary, the Cocker.

The 10 miles of road to Buttermere is fine. Starting in an open vale with just a fringe of distant but lovely peaks, every mile brings nearer to sterner quarters. The ridges gradually crowd in, the vale burrows more deeply, and soon great peaks are crowding, looking over one another on right, left and in front. Cattle have given way to sheep, and the river course is tilted enough to make a waterbreak between each short pool.

Beyond Lorton a road turns right for Loweswater, one of the smallest lakes. The long hills and twisted ridges hide it from practically every typical viewpoint. When one passes the little hamlet and inn, the lake is seen below; it has a quiet pastoral beauty, and is more like a quiet loch of Galloway than a bit of England. There is a unique effect here—the greater hills, Mellbrake (1,676 ft.), Blake Fell (1,878 ft.) and the rest, are at the foot, and not at the head as in the case of all other of our lakes. Loweswater does not ask for recognition; in some aspects it is not unlike Esthwaite in that public access is not too easy, but it has not the fine feudal flavour one gets at the Furness lake.

If one climbs Mellbrake or Blakefell or Lowfell, there is a conviction at once that the lake is drained in the wrong direction, and that the real outlet should be to the north through faintly depressed fields. Some freak of geology has decreed (as in the case of Loch Awe in Scotland) that the rock strata should crush at some point below the level of the mere, and thus allow a stream to trickle out gradually by an unusual bed, in this case to Crummock Water, in the other to the salt tides of Loch Etive.

The main road to Crummock and Buttermere goes straight on through Lanthwaite Green with its Celtic village remains, and in a short distance descends to a ledge near the shore of the first-named lake. For a couple of

miles it continues as a mere nick in the slope, then after passing Rannerdale comes a corner which many people regard as thrilling. The hillside above breaks steeply almost sheer below the road, and one comes to a corner where a sharp turn through the cliff is made. Hause Point needs careful negotiation. This is the only place where at 8 feet from the shore the depth of the lake is 70 feet—poor chance for any motoring party who forgot to take the turn correctly and came over the corner! There is a sudden and sensational view of great peaks from this bend—Red Pike (2,749 ft.), High Stile (2,643 ft.), High Crag (2,443 ft.), the Haystacks (2,000 ft.) and Great Gable's top (2,949 ft.) as a thin line, Fleetwith (2,126 ft.) with its sheer-looking walls, and the abrupt corner of Robinson (2,417 ft.).

The west shore of Crummock washes the screes of Mellbrake, a peak which rises like a wall, and only leaves room for a rough path among the boulders fringing the lake. As indicated above, Crummock is not only deep, but its shores go down with great steepness. Casual bathing is not to be recommended. As in other parts of the lake country, persons who are not sure of their swimming powers can easily find pools of splendidly clear water in the various becks or streams.

Buttermere village stands on a protrusion of rock between the two lakes. Its quaint little church was enlarged and rebuilt in 1842. The original "Fish Inn" had its romance—the daughter of the house was wooed and won by a visitor who gave himself the heirship to a great title. Bonnie Mary's happiness was cut short by the arrest of her husband for forgery—merely "franking" a pretended name on a letter so that it would pass the post free as the missive of a Member of Parliament. This earned him the death penalty and a public hanging at Carlisle in 1803. Buttermere is a great centre for rock-climbers and hill-walkers, but the clubs meet here in winter rather than in summer. There are several hotels and practically every farm and cottage offers accommodation. There are boats on Crummock Water for the conveyance of tourists to Scale Force; on Buttermere itself there are anglers' craft only. The road to Honister Pass goes alongside the lake at a most picturesque point opposite High Crag.

There are grand ridge-walks about Buttermere, the pass of Scarf Gap giving access to the long wave of peaks (Red Pike, 2,794 ft., &c.) west of the lake; and to the Haystacks (2,000 ft.) and Great Gable (2,949 ft.) in the other direction. East of the vale, the heights of Robinson and Hindscarth are within easy reach in a day's walk, which might end either at Honister Pass, or in Fleetwith bottom beyond the famous Honister Crag. There are plenty of quieter places for the less robust sort. There are roads to Keswick, either over Honister and down Borrowdale, or over the Hause to Newlands, but these are not recommended to motorists. The best route for such is over Whinlatter Pass, 14 miles, leaving the Cockermouth road at Lorton, climbing a high but easy road pass (1,042 ft.) and dropping very steeply down to Braithwaite, on the Bassenthwaite road to Keswick. There are footpaths through the hills as well. An alternative path to Newlands follows the Sail Beck from Buttermere Church up to its source, crosses a low pass, and follows

Rigg Beck down to "Newlands Inn" (2 hours); another goes from Lanthwaite Green up a stream to its head, then over Coledale Pass, and down to the miners' path from Force Crag to Braithwaite (2 hours from Lanthwaite Green).

From Scale Force on the other side of Crummock Water is a path over wet grass and moor, past Floutern Tarn to the "Anglers' Inn" in Ennerdale ($3\frac{1}{2}$ hours); and from Gatesgarth above Buttermere Lake there is another over Scarf Gap and Black Sail to Wasdale Head (4 hours). These may be made routes for a full day's journey. Climbers on the way to Pillar Rock make a way of their own up Sour Milk Ghyll, and over Red Pike, dropping into Ennerdale above Gillerthwaite, and keeping a straight line all the while. (The best route, however, is by Scarf Gap.) There is another path for them up Wharnscale bottom which goes from Gatesgarth direct to the gap between Green and Great Gables, and gives access to Styhead Pass for either Wasdale, Borrowdale or Langdale. Both make pretty rough ways to persons not accustomed to mountain travel.

Photo.] [*Abraham.*

WASDALE HEAD AND GREAT GABLE.

WASTWATER.

Photo] OFF FOR A DAY'S CLIMBING. *[Central Press*

What to See in Lakeland.

ENNERDALE AND WASTWATER.

At present, the four miles of valley-trough from the head of Ennerdale Lake to the cross-track from Scarf Gap and Black Sail, for Buttermere and Wasdale respectively, is being planted with timber, and as at Thirlmere visitors are not invited to prowl about new woodlands. The timber is expected to reach, in time, up to the 1,500 feet contour and the wild mountain slopes above that line are to be administered as a park or open space by the National Trust. The same authority is in charge of the open country beyond the Buttermere-Wasdale track. At present it seems as though the number of tracks across the timber reserve will be limited to the road up the side of the River Liza and a mountaineers' route direct from Buttermere to the Pillar Rock and mountain. Vermin proof fences will enclose the new plantations at any rate until the conifers and other trees are sufficiently well grown to be safe against the bark-ringing habits of rabbits.

Ennerdale Lake itself is fairly large, being about 2½ miles long by ½-mile wide. The only hotel on the shore is the "Anglers'," but there are two inns at Ennerdale Bridge a couple of miles away. There is good trout fishing, and the rare char is also found. The view of great peaks from the neighbourhood of the lake-side hotel is wonderful. The district, however, seems fated to be hampered, rather than developed, by the planting programme. Only strong climbers will face the long preliminary walks to the hills.

Only persons who read their maps carefully can find the road which passes into the upper dale to Gillerthwaite. It is always rough and wet. To anglers, however, the lake has its attraction, and visitors usually finish their explorations within a mile or two of the "Anglers' Inn."

Wastwater, most accessible from Seascale (13 miles) and Drigg (12 miles) stations, is our least-known lake. It lies at some distance inland from any main road and in a cove among the mountains with no through route except foot passes. Its length is three miles and width about ½-mile. The best approach for a walker is from Drigg, through Holmrook (1½ miles) and Santon Bridge (3½ miles), where the outlet from the lake is crossed and followed. From that point the route is of striking interest, and the great rock shoulders of the fells are rapidly approached. The visitor with time to spare should turn to the right, just short of the lodge to Wastdale Hall (6½ miles), and pass down the fields outside a wood to a bridge seen below. Crossing this, five minutes takes one through a veil of oaks and out into open country, with Wastwater in front, a plain of intense blue, the Great Screes Cliff (1,976 ft.), towering up to the right, and a mass of evergreens round the hall to the left. And on the horizon are the great lilac fells seamed with rock and patched with scree—a delectable view indeed.

Returning to the road, the plantations round Wastdale Hall are passed, and then come four miles of extraordinary grandeur. There is nothing in Britain quite like this, whether visited in summer or in winter. The far side of the lake washes the foot of steep fans of rocks which have fallen from the mountains above, and the colours among the weathering rocks are strong. All the hills around Wastwater are abrupt and rocky, and many, such as Great Gable (2,949 ft.) and Yewbarrow (2,058 ft.), are shapely.

As an anglers' lake, Wastwater is among the best, but permission is restricted to a few places where boats are available, and the mere is private property. The rodsman who seeks sport in the tarns above the lake may find it on a suitable day, but the distances are great, and the tracks both rough and steep. There is a little night-time and flood-fishing in the streams about Wasdale Head, but on the whole the mountains are more attractive than the waters.

The Seascale and Drigg routes to Wasdale come together about half-way up the lake : there is no route out of the head except the long Black Sail path to Buttermere which crosses Ennerdale and reaches its destination over the Scarf Gap (3-4 hours), and the Styhead Pass to Borrowdale (2½ hours), a rather stony path with some steep bits. There is a third route, over Burnmoor to Eskdale (2 hours), which goes along the head of Wastwater, and turns through the great sweeping gap between Scafell and the Screes, and along a more or less undulating moor, past a tarn, and either tumbles down by the Willan to Boot or slants to the left to the " Woolpack Inn " a mile or more further up Eskdale as you prefer (2 hours). It is, however, more in favour with those who sojourn in Eskdale than with climbers from Wasdale Head.

This little Wasdale Head community, clustered round the inn and church, has been described again and again. It is isolated for most part of winter (but not seriously), and it is the rock-climbers' Mecca. That, however, does not mean that the ordinary ridge-walker or the lover of quiet places is barred. Wasdale Head is a stony pasture by repute, and its scenery is inclined to be stark and alpine. There are some good walks from the hotel : Piers Ghyll is a specimen, for the weakest person can reach the point from which its great slash is more visible. The route toward Scafell and Scafell Pike has charms, and a person who scrambled slowly into Hollowstones, with the great impending cliffs of Scafell on the right and the bastions of the Pikes on the left, with the sharp crest of Mickledore in front would find sufficient beauty of mountain form and colour to remember for years to come. And the view back, down and across Wastwater to the Irish Sea and St. Bees' Head, is just wonderful at sunset. Not so many people know that it is fine at sunrise too, both winter and summer.

The little church at Wasdale Head is one of the smallest in the North ; there is seating for 45 persons only. Of late years the living has been amalgamated with that of Nether Wasdale at the foot of the dale, and the upper hamlet has no longer the presence of its parson. Some of the occupants of the pulpit and vicarage in years gone by were rather quaint folk and many humorous stories are told about them. The church at Wasdale appears in the records of St. Bees as far back as 1553, but if we accept oral tradition the roof timbers are much older. Indeed it is declared that they are the hull of some Norse ship, brought from the coast and planted across the low broad walls which had been prepared.

Photo] [*Abraham*

CLIMBING THE EAGLE'S NEST RIDGE (THE DIFFICULT ROUTE), GREAT GABLE.

Photo.] ULLSWATER.—THE THREE REACHES FROM ABOVE GLENCOIN. [*Abraham.*

HAWESWATER.

What to See in Lakeland.

ULLSWATER AND HAWESWATER.

Ullswater, though our second largest lake, is not so conveniently placed as to railways and population as Derwentwater and Windermere. The lake is about 7½ miles long, and about ½-mile wide, with a "narrows," e.g., where Skelly Nab and Geordie Crag come within a quarter of a mile of each other. The lake has the merit of being comparable with Windermere in some respects, though the comparisons should not be driven far. Its outlet is in even milder country than Newby Bridge; the middle reach is a fine approach to the really magnificent scenery at its head. There is a steamer service from Pooley Bridge to Glenridding, with piers at Howtown and near Aira Force. Smaller craft can come nearly to Patterdale village. By aid of these boats, and of the road motor services, it is easy to explore the nearer dales round Ullswater and to reach some quaint and pretty places indeed.

Ullswater rather favours the active, but there are delights for all others. The approach from Penrith either through Dalemain Park or by Eamont Bridge and Yanwath is interesting all the way. The Dalemain route gives one tastes of a country where Border customs may still be expected. The other has ancient relics. South of Penrith, in less than a mile, the road crosses the Eamont by a narrow and ancient bridge and enters Westmorland. Almost immediately there is a right turn and at the corner, with a Boer War memorial partly set into its area, is King Arthur's Round Table, a circular earthwork which may at some time have been the scene of tournament, joust or wrestling. In a field to the right of the Ullswater road on which you are travelling, is a tree-clad hill with an opening in the eastern side. Inside is a monolith standing alone in the centre of a large banked circle—this is known as Mayborough. The reason for fashioning the place is unknown.

Yanwath's ancient hall is said to be the best surviving bit of Tudor building near the Border. Afterwards the miles incline upward, then drop by a curve practically into Pooley Bridge, 6 miles from Penrith. The steamer pier, to which all motors run, is about a mile beyond. An unconventional ramble may be taken by following the road to the left, and passing up the southern shore of the lake. It is rather better than a country lane, and around Sharrow Bay there are some fine glimpses up the lake. The walk might end at the Howtown steamer pier or be extended into a real day's march by following first the road to Martindale, then to the right for Sandwick, and by the path between Place Fell and the lake to Patterdale. This last bit is slow going; the track is stony and rough, and the views are so entrancing that the miles trail out, and one becomes late for a meal at Patterdale. Food should be taken at Howtown if possible: the ordinary time allowance is 2½ hours. The great glory of the Westmorland side of Ullswater is that much of it is practically common land, where any one can dawdle or ramble without let or hindrance.

The steamer track up Ullswater gives unique views. The curious rounded hillock of Dunmallet, at present pretty bare of trees, is soon lost, and the boat is steered parallel to the Sharrow bay shore on its way to Howtown,

which seems, from this point, to be the head or end of the lake. Ullswater is, however, composed of three zigzag reaches, and this lower one is the quietest. There is a glimpse through the gap between Skelly Nab and Geordie Crag of waters beyond, but it is not until the steamer turns from Howtown pier and rounds the corner of Hallin Fell (1,271 ft.), that the reach opens out with the fringe of meadow between road and lake on the right, and Place Fell (2,154 ft.) steep and rough over the rocks to the left. The Helvellyn ridges (3,118 ft.) and Fairfield (2,863 ft.) are also prominent, ending the view beyond. Aira Force, with a sheer fall of 70 feet, is in this stretch, among the woods which stretch up to Gowbarrow Park. There are 750 acres of land here administered by the National Trust and open to the public for ever. The shore off the Aira Beck has been immortalised by Wordsworth in his poem on " The Daffodils."

There are two or three rocks or islets in the lake hereabout of which House Holm is the most important, and here the best part of the lake is entered with Place Fell dropping steeply on one side, Stybarrow Crag on the other, and great peaks like St. Sunday's Crag (2,756 ft.), Cofa Pike, Dollywaggon Pike (2,810 ft.) and other parts of Helvellyn's great wall in front. The lower slopes and hills are all shaggy with timber, but the peaks are sharp and rocky. The steamer ends its voyage near the " Ullswater Hotel," but, as stated above, a small boat can go further and reach a landing near Patterdale village. Ullswater is bolder in its approach to the mountains, but Derwentwater will still claim that its peaks, from Skiddaw round to Causey Pike are more shapely, and Windermere that its line of heights is more varied and extended.

The Ullswater area is full of interest to the rambler who need not feel compelled to tackle the narrow spires of Striding Edge or the less rocky Swirrel Edge approach to Helvellyn. Most of the dales are easy of access. There is Glencoin with its woods and streams; then comes Glenridding, horribly spoilt by the mines and only used as an approach to Helvellyn; next Grisedale, along which a fine path runs to Grasmere (in 4 hours) past Grisedale Tarn. The road to this turns in just north of Patterdale Church and rises steeply for half-a-mile, after which there is easy going for about an hour with the rocks of Striding Edge (2,600 ft.) rising sharply to the right. There is no place of refreshment on this route which climbs up to the tarn (near the outlet is a plate let into the rock to show where Wordsworth parted from his brother John just before the latter's voyage to the East which ended in disaster and his death), and is soon in sight of Grasmere vale.

From the Kirkstone road, there are paths up Deepdale, which ends in a frowning cliff, but exit can be made by rough scrambling to the left looking upward; and past Hartsop Hall to the pass for Ambleside which we saw dropping into Scandale past the towering front of Red Screes. There is a path from Low Hartsop up the gorge to Hayeswater, a rough march in its way; from the same track a route can be made, chiefly along sheep tracks, over Thresthwaite Cove to Troutbeck and so to Windermere. Hayeswater itself is a mere point on the track to Mardale and Haweswater, a hardy journey. There are no houses after Hartsop. This last is a day's trip: the others can be done in an afternoon.

Returning to Patterdale, the routes about Place Fell always attract the rambler. The peak itself (2,154 ft.) is obvious, and, though steep, is easy of

ascent. The paths to Boardale and from Martindale along the lake home are much longer than most ramblers anticipate. From Howtown there is a path up Fusedale to the fells, and from Pooley Bridge a route, broad and easy to follow, lies over Moor Divock to Askham and Lowther Park. Besides this, once the rambler gets above the line of cultivation there are tracks here, there and everywhere. One has only to take care that the end of a journey is not a peat moss. Even within the line of cultivation there is a very little objection to the passage of anyone who takes the trouble to close gates. The little recess of Martindale is rarely visited, though the walk from Howtown to Dalehead and thence to Boardale Hause is worth while. Martindale has its deer, real wild creatures remaining like those of Exmoor and Scotland from primitive times, and its forest can still be governed by the laws laid down by William Rufus. A curious note to the manor rights was made by Queen Elizabeth, who reserved grass for her palfrey when she should come hunting in fair Westmorland.

On the northern shore of Ullswater is Gowbarrow Park, one of the first properties to be purchased and administered by the National Trust. The open space goes out a long way up Gowbarrow Fell (1,579 ft.) and includes Aira Force, one of the best in the Lake Country, with a sheer leap of some 70 feet. There are plenty of legends around, but the one of the Knight who went to the Crusades and left his lady love is most interesting. In his absence she turned sleep-walker, and came unconsciously at night to the place above the brink of the waterfall where they parted. After years of hard warfare the knight returned at midnight, found the lady in the place of tryst, stepped forward and touched her. She awoke with a start, stepped over the rock and fell into the pool far below. After her he plunged, and brought her to shore, but the shock was too great. Uttering his name she died, and he, of course, became the hermit of the waterfall.

This side of Ullswater is perhaps less known to the hill-walker, but there are tracks, high above cultivation and timber, with good rambling of the rougher sort.

HAWESWATER.

At the present time a holiday sojourn in the Haweswater district cannot be recommended. The whole of the lake basin with its approaches through Swindale has been purchased by Manchester Corporation, and active work on the great dam at Haweswater foot has commenced.

AN UNKNOWN COAST.

Though it gives access to various lakes (Windermere and Coniston by branch lines, and Wastwater by Seascale) the railway route which follows the Irish Sea coast from Carnforth to Whitehaven is practically unknown to the tourist as a base for fine rambles. The district is worth consideration if only for a quietness and quaintness which in these days of bustle and convention is very refreshing.

Carnforth Junction at which the survey starts is itself industrial. From Warton Crag, however, a good hour away, there is a fine view down Morecambe Bay and over the estuaries which stretch into the hills. The right point is 500 feet above the sea, on top of a prehistoric fortress which was also a beacon at the time of the Spanish Armada. The village was the home of the Washingtons, who lived here three centuries before migrating to Sulgrave in Northamptonshire and thence to America. The family arms are on the west side of the church tower outside, and are now covered in a glazed frame to save the stone from weathering.

The next station, Silverdale, is key to "a rich combination of woodland, open hill pasture, limestone scar and pavement, sea-cliff and sea-shore, with cornfield, meadow and garden." The village is about a mile from the station, and some distance from the shore. There is a cluster of shops and houses round the newer of two churches (with a chapel or two for company) and a good hotel, but here and there, hidden usually from the modern houses, are old-fashioned farms and cottages. The tide comes up to the foot of the cliff, and on the shore, particularly near Jenny Brown's Point, there are nooks and coves which might have delighted old-time smugglers. The walk round Blackstone point to Arnside, in the opposite direction, is pretty all the way, with views across to Humphrey Head and down Morecambe Bay.

Silverdale has its own lake—Haweswater, remarkable for a white strand of sea-shells.

At the station is a nine-hole golf course, used by the club which formerly played on Arnside Knott. There are tennis courts and putting and bowling greens in the village.

Between Arnside and Silverdale, accessible from both, is the square-walled ruin of Arnside Tower, which has been a wonderful place of outlook for either pirates at sea or raiders on land. If there is no record of its building, there is one of its destruction, written on a flyleaf of a register in Lancaster Parish Church :—

> "Md that the 27 day of October atte nighte being in the yeere of our Lord God 1602 Being a mightie wind was Arneshead Tower Burned as it pleased the Lord to p'mitte.—Ric. Townson, Minister."

The Tower was rebuilt, however, but in 1684 or 1690 it was dismantled as a mansion, and its timber was taken down and sent to Knowsley Hall, near Liverpool, which was then being erected by the Earl of Derby. In 1884 a great storm tore out one side and the central partition of the Tower.

ARNSIDE.

GRANGE-OVER-SANDS.

Arnside is entirely modern. Less than seventy years ago it was an insignificant hamlet with the estuary in front and a jungle of woods and copses behind. Now it is up-to-date, with electric light and good sanitation. There are several well-known boarding schools in the village. Tennis is available. There is some boating on the estuary, with a little sea-fishing.

The Knott (522 ft.) gives pleasant rambling at all seasons. The " park " on the seaward side has dells in which the purest lily-of-the-valley grows, but the wood is private. In the flower season, however, a charge of 1s. (given to Kendal Hospital) is collected at New Barns Farm, on the outskirts of the wood, and permission is then given to gather the blooms. The whole Arnside district is full of beautiful footpaths and by-roads. There is a church, chapels, and facilities for tennis ; a good hotel and many boarding houses.

From Arnside, a branch line which joins the L.M.S. main line south of Oxenholme strikes along the Kent marsh to Sandside, near which is the little town of Milnthorpe, of small importance in these days but once a seaport for coal and with an export of gunpowder, etc. As the estuary shallowed, the great pool at Sandside was the anchorage, and then the trade drifted away for ever. Hazelslack Tower, similar to Arnside Tower but smaller, is a ruin ; there is a fine and historic church at Beetham, and another at Heversham, on the road to Kendal, which is the mother church for much of the district in sight. Heversham Grammar School, though an ancient foundation dating back to Edward VI, is entirely new in its buildings. The old school can be found somewhere behind the churchyard. From Sandside the " Fairy Steps," a narrow corridor in the limestone rocks, can be reached across Haverbrack, or through Dallam Tower Park and past Beetham Church, returning to Arnside, a pretty round indeed.

Arnside has a stone pier, but its use for generations has been as a promenade or resting place and nothing else. The warehouses between it and the main road have gradually departed in successive road improvements. They were the last Customs Department of Westmorland.

Grange-over-Sands, in Lake Lancashire, is regarded as a warm nook for holiday people as well as a point for excursions. It is a place of some 3,000 inhabitants, and has three or four hotels and the usual temperance, holiday-home, and boarding accommodation. It has a mile-long promenade (Tea Garden) with a view across the bay to Morecambe, Heysham, Lancaster and Fleetwood. Hampsfell (729 ft.), which rises behind the town and protects it from the north and north-east winds, is also a fine view point, and there are several small parks on pretty corners. Holme Island, which is joined to the mainland by an embankment, is just away from the eastern horn of the promenade. It is not a great expanse (about 7 acres), but its rocky shore and trees above makes a fine picture. Grange has two golf courses —one of 18 holes on Meathop Marsh, and one of nine holes abutting on a lane between the village and Cartmel. Tennis and bowls with some boating are also available. A new park of two acres with a bandstand has been opened on the promenade. There are cinemas and other indoor entertainments.

In addition to St. Paul's Church, Grange has places of worship for Wesleyans, Congregationalists, Catholics, etc.

Grange is a good centre for excursions. The round of Witherslack, Cartmel Fell and Cartmel is fine. The Kendal road is followed as far as Lindal, where note the curious iron monument to John Wilkinson, iron-master, by the roadside. Then by a quiet road indeed between bluffs and level fields up to Hodge Hill, a quaint house with a fine outside gallery. Quite close to this is the old church of St. Anthony which has been rescued from ruin within the past generation. Witherslack Park is worth seeing, especially as the road at places runs through the open woodlands.

Cartmel Priory is a famous place, about four miles from the old church on the Fell. It was saved to the people when King Henry VIII dissolved the old monasteries. Its curious cross-placed tower is interesting, so are the curios (chained Bibles, old umbrella, etc.) kept within. The priory is worth seeing, and this can be done properly nowadays. The little village clustered round it has many quaint nooks and corners.

Between Grange-over-Sands and Kents Bank is the Furness end of a remarkable road by which at low tide coaches, carts and footfolk came and went across the Lancaster sands in the times before railways. The other end of the route is practically at Hest Bank station, and the distance used to be called "Seven Mile," but actually varied considerably according to the points (often varying with each tide) at which the two streams (Kent and Keer) could be forded. West of Kents Bank is the boldest cliff on the Lancashire coast, Humphrey Head (172 feet), a limestone mass with a mineral spring, Halliwell or Holy Well, on the further side. The walk from Kents Bank to the head is about half-an-hour, and to the Well at least half-an-hour more, the route being along Pigeon Cote Lane over the low neck of land joining Humphrey Head to the shore, and then along Holy Well Lane to the spring; or on the sands and round the point of the headland when the tide is out.

There is a legend that at Humphrey Head was slain the last wolf in Lancashire, and the place with its clefts, caves and thickets among the rocks is still wild enough to be refuge for any evil thing. The spring at Holy Well (which was known to the step-daughters of George Fox nearly three centuries ago) is now-a-days locked up. It comes through the rock next a ruined cottage. The well is now owned by the Corporation of Morecambe who take the water to their town by train, and sell it to holiday makers. The surplus water percolates through the sand into small pools outside and anyone can partake of it at any time. On the route back to Allithwaite from Holy Well is Wraysholme Tower, a 15th century structure which is partly ruined, and so far as the great hall (30 by 20½ feet) is concerned is merged in farm buildings.

Cark, the next station, serves the beautiful vale of Cartmel, and a walk through Holker Park to Haverthwaite along "The Mosses" (4-5 miles) is a favourite. Roudsea Moss, with its great peat hags and bracken thickets, is also seen; this has been colonised in recent years by wild red deer, and is also an ancient haunt of the herons of the streams and tidal pools. Cark is pretty modern, but the town of Flookburgh, east of and adjoining it, is ancient. The place claims to have had a charter for market and fair from

FURNESS ABBEY.

Photo.] [*Silverpoint.*

RAVENGLASS MINIATURE RAILWAY: THE EVENING TRAIN AT IRTON ROAD.

Edward I in 1278 and certainly had one in 1412 (confirmed in 1663), but neither has been held for two centuries. Sandgate on the Leven estuary, is the point at which the low-tide crossing to Ulverston was undertaken, and a sign on the nearest cottage gives instructions as to the route and methods at the present time. Out in the sands is Chapel Isle, where the monks of Cartmel Priory had an altar and priest to pray for the safety of those crossing the dangerous fords of the sea. The monks were practical too; it was part of their duty to provide guides for all travellers. The wartime habitations of Ravenstown occupy a corner of a ridge near Flookburgh, but they make no difference at all to the country. Holker and Flookburgh are practically unchanged, and so is Cartmel village.

Ulverston, across the River Leven (there is a magnificent view of Coniston Old Man from the viaduct) is largely industrial, being on the edge of the Furness hematite field. There are several hotels in the town, and a good hydro with its own golf course at Conishead Priory, about two miles away. The church at Ulverston has a Norman doorway, and has been the chief place in Furness since the great Abbey was overthrown in 1534. The fine new coast road passes through Baycliff, past Aldingham, and to Roa Island, opposite Piel Castle on Walney channel. There are interesting ruins at Gleaston Castle; a tarn at Urswick which fills the space where King Arthur's city sank; there is Swarthmoor Hall, where George Fox founded the Quakers, and the meeting-house which he presented to them in 1688. Outside the town there is a monument in the shape of a "lighthouse" on Hoad Hill (435 ft.), to Sir John Barrow of the Admiralty who was born in the neighbourhood. It is a sea-mark to the end of the canal and docks, and has not even a candle light.

In the other direction a railway goes up to Lakeside (Windermere), with stations at Greenodd, practically at the mouth of the River Crake which comes down a narrow dale from Coniston Water; at Haverthwaite, which should be better known as the centre of a great district of woodland walks and quaint old villages; and a halt at Newby Bridge, within five minutes' walk of the famous "Swan Hotel" with its gardens alongside perhaps the finest reach of the Leven. Then in a short mile it arrives at its terminus alongside the Lake steamers.

The next two stations on the main line, Lindal and Dalton, are of mining interest, the third is Furness Abbey. This Abbey was established under King Stephen, and took over many lands which had been granted to the Northumbrian, St. Cuthbert, four or five centuries before. The Abbot was a powerful man indeed, and his writ ran in every corner of Lake Lancashire, as well as over a goodly part of Westmorland and Cumberland. The King deputed a good deal to such men.

The ruins which remain after centuries of spoilation are magnificent—towers and arches, great stone roofs, pillars, and all the signs of a prosperous and wealthy church. It was not spared by King Henry VIII, though his agents did not come so far until many months after the other abbeys had been "handled" in southern England. The Abbot of Furness was apparently easy to placate; it is believed that he accepted in compensation the vicarage of Dalton.

At Furness Abbey there is a first-class hotel, owned and managed by the London Midland and Scottish Railway Company, which was formerly partially the house of the Prestons who owned the abbey, and into which certain portions of the old house for the abbey's guests have been built. The dell west of the ruins is a public park, but the ruins can only be examined on payment of a fee of 6d. to H.M. Office of Works, the guardians of the place.

Barrow-in-Furness is entirely an industrial town, with just the usual sights of ship-building. It has a busy market in normal times, and is served by good hotels, etc. There is nothing to see unless one goes through dusk to watch the lights twinkle about the shipyards. Beyond the town, however, is Walney Island, a long narrow island which protects the anchorage from silt and storm. There used to be ferries across, but a toll-bridge has been built. Biggar Bank, on the Irish Sea, is a mass of shingle; Walney Village is an old twisted place. The south tip of the island is preserved as a gallery; it is about 10 miles from Barrow-in-Furness station, and say eight from Walney Bridge. There is golf on the island.

Continuing, Askam is industrial; there is more interest in staying in the train and watching the wonderful light and shade on the hills about Black Combe. There is a golf course between the station and the Duddon sands. Kirby is chiefly interested in slates. Across the mossland between the two is a fine view northward to the Coniston Fells which are rather well grouped. Foxfield junction is on the edge of the Duddon estuary, and sheltered by a rib of rock from the north-east. A mile away is Broughton-in-Furness (or Church Broughton, as it is called by neighbours). An ancient market-place with cross is found; and the church has a Norman door of particular beauty. Broughton Tower is a mansion built round an ancient pele; it is surrounded by ancient earthworks.

On the Coniston branch is Woodland, which can be used for lonely rambles in interesting parishes between the foot of Coniston Water and the Duddon. Ancient remains are found in plenty in the woodlands and few of them have been explored. Torver is the nearest station to Doe Crags. The ascent of Coniston Old Man is sometimes made from here with a return to Coniston Village—or the reverse. It is worth while. The incline up to Goats Water is easy enough, but the path is rather faint. A day can be well spent on this journey.

Coniston Village has been described in dealing with the lake (p. 21).

Returning to Foxfield, the next station is Green Road with the Duddon marshes on one side and the farms and cottages rising toward Black Combe on the other. The same type continues through Millom (itself an industrial town with hematite mines) to Silecroft, where once again we are in unknown country.

Silecroft is near the foot of Black Combe (1,969 ft.), and a march of 1½ hours from the station is enough to reach the summit. The outlook from this hill is said to be the most extensive in England, Jack Hill near Hanley in Staffordshire being seen across the smoke of Lancashire. The Isle of Man,

the Welsh and Irish hills and, of course, the giants of the Lake Country are well seen. Silecroft is about half-a-mile from the shore, which, however, does not present any peculiarities worth mentioning. There is a nine-hole golf course in the vicinity.

Bootle station is far ahead, but the country between is rather easy to miss. Bootle is ancient, but it is more crowded than singular. The church has its old monuments. After this the line runs nearer the shore. The village of Waberthwaite is inland. There is access to Eskdale (but the route is not so good as that available from Ravenglass, the next station). The marsh beyond Eskmeals station is rather uninteresting, and when Muncaster Bridge has been passed on the right-hand side, the track up the dale becomes rough and of little interest.

Ravenglass was a Roman port; in the drive to Muncaster Castle are remains of a Roman fort with more height of wall than any in the North, and with traces of the Military Bath House. The camp is in agricultural land near the Esk, and cannot be traced by any ordinary visitor. The best route into Eskdale turns almost opposite, by a lane at the top of the rise, and this slants down to the stream, crossing it finally and coming out near the " King George " (formerly " King of Prussia ") inn in Eskdale. There are many other walks round Ravenglass, following the lanes and tracks along the ridge toward Irton. From Ravenglass a light railway runs up to Boot, eight miles away. This is the most convenient route to higher Eskdale.

Drigg is a wayside station, with the merit that it is the nearest place for Wastwater. However, the better facilities for travel at Seascale bring most visitors to that village.

Seascale is by way of being a townlet. It has over 1,500 inhabitants; and a fame for a girls' and boys' school. The shore here is suitable for bathing. Seascale has an excellent golf course along the railway to the north. It is entirely modern, and up-to-date. The ancient place is Gosforth (3 miles inland), where fairs and hirings for West Cumberland used to be held.

Seascale is also the station for Calder Bridge and Calder Abbey, a ruin which was built by a colony of monks from Furness Abbey and which first was raided by the Scots under William the Lion in 1322. The monks deserted their post, ran back to Furness Abbey, and were turned away, finding refuge finally at Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire.

Braystones and Nethertown are small stations on the shore between Sellafield and St. Bees. Above Nethertown spits of sand begin to appear among the stones, but the countryside is mainly fields divided by steep banks of earth and stones. The hamlet of Nethertown seems to have two inns, two farms, two shops and a cottage, but may be more extensive. St. Bees' Head is the chief feature of the coast.

St. Bees, which has stretched out considerably along new roads to Whitehaven of recent years, is really an ancient place. The parish governed by its church used to be about 12 miles along the coast and eight to ten miles

inland. St. Bees' Bay beneath the headland is almost striking. The headland can be reached by easy paths, and a good ramble for an afternoon is over to Sandwith, a cleft between the north and south cliffs with some caves which may have been used by smugglers from Scotland and the Isle of Man. This will take about three hours, with return by bus or train. The forward march over the North Head is not so interesting. It is possible to scramble over the rocks below the Head at low tide, and in fair weather, but the work is laborious, and is best worth doing when the sea-birds are nesting on the cliff.

With St. Bees' Head one may finish the survey of a coast which is almost unknown to distant holiday-makers, and that is suitable for those needing quiet and willing to fit into the quiet background of the life there. There is a golf course to the south of the town with fine views over the Irish Sea and its shipping.

Photo.] [*Silverpoint.*

A CATCH OF SALMON IN THE GARTH AT THE ESTUARY OF THE ESK.

TWO LAKELAND BORDER TOWNS—KENDAL AND PENRITH.

Two excellent towns on the border of Lakeland—Kendal to the south and Penrith to the north—remain to be described. Both have easy access to the most beautiful countrysides and meres, and can be thoroughly recommended.

Kendal (8 miles east of Windermere Lake at Bowness Bay) is 1½ miles from Oxenholme Junction and shares the express services to Windermere terminus. The "King's Arms" hotel has still some quaint rooms, and there are others built in entirely modern style. There are many private hotels and lodgings.

In the days when England depended on home-grown wool, Kendal was comparatively important, its looms for "Kendal Green," a rough cloth, and tanneries for hides being kept busy.

The Castle (public park) is near the station; there is a shell of old walls, one strong round tower, a deep (now dry) ditch, and various mounds which were defences for the great gate. The building began in the 13th century; Catharine Parr, the Queen who survived King Henry VIII, was born within its walls; it was in ruins soon after the Union of the Crowns under King James I.

The old church with its tower and four rows of pillars dividing an almost square interior into five aisles, is the town's greatest relic. It contains tombs of ancient families such as the Stricklands, Parrs, Bellinghams, etc. The church has been extended in various periods and rebuilt so often that identification of styles is difficult. Most of the visible architecture dates from the 15th century, but there is some of three centuries' earlier date. Adjoining the church are Abbot Hall pleasure grounds with tennis and bowls.

The old town was built on a steep slope, leaving the riverside for water mills, tan pits, etc. On the old main street, hardly any doors opened directly: access to interiors being by narrow passages which could be blocked in time of war and confusion.

Kendal is fortunate in its open spaces; the Serpentine woods give access, above the town, to the golf links, and one can walk to Cunswick Scar with fine views of the mountains. A turn to the left along the edge of the scar or cliff brings one to Scout Scar, a veritable giant of a tilted bench, with huge banks of white talus or scree below. The town is reached across the old Racecourse, to the Brigsteer road.

Other fine walks are: to Levens Park, either along the canal or by riverside path; to Burneside along the River Kent; to Mealbank by path along the Mint stream; to Levens village through Sizergh High Park; to Helm a fine viewpoint above Oxenholme station; to Benson Knott, along the old Sedbergh road.

Longer routes involving miles of road are: to Kentmere Church, through Staveley (8 miles); to the top of Longsleddale (9 miles); to Crook and Bowness (9 miles); to Crosthwaite and Newby Bridge (12 miles); to Grange, Arnside, Kirkby Lonsdale, Grayrigg, Brigsteer and other villages.

KENT FORCE FALLS.

LOWTHER BRIDGE, NEAR PENRITH.

Rail and bus services make the Lake District easily accessible, Windermere Village being 8 miles away.

Penrith, 9,000 inhabitants, has a main-line station and is the junction for Keswick. It is the nearest point to Ullswater (6 miles) and Haweswater (12 miles). While retaining its ancient buildings and character, the town is entirely up-to-date in its public services. The old Castle just outside the station is now a park with tennis courts, and putting and bowling greens. The great Beacon, to the north, is also accessible, and from this a reach of Ullswater can be seen.

Like those of Kendal, the old streets of Penrith are arranged for defence, the people living in yards the access to which could be blocked without delay. The town is within a score of miles of the Debateable Land, and it suffered in every invasion. Twice it was burnt and sacked by the Scots. Penrith's last association with such warfare was in 1745 when Prince Charlie's Highlanders fell back through the town after the battle on Clifton Moor. The Castle was built in the early part of the 15th century, and was used for about 150 years before it was allowed to pass into ruin.

The church of St. Andrew is not ancient, having been entirely rebuilt two centuries ago, but it preserves some fine stained glass portraits of Royal and titled persons concerned with castle and manor. In the churchyard is the famous " Giant's Grave " with ancient cross-shafts at head and foot and four hogback tombstones at the sides. The " Giant's Thumb " is a mutilated bit of cross not far from the other.

Penrith has some ancient houses worth seeing—the " Gloucester Arms " hotel was the residence of Richard III when he was Governor of Penrith Castle ; the " Two Lions " hotel was the town house of Gerald Lowther. Overlooking the churchyard is Roger Bertram's house, dated 1563 ; there is also Musgrave Hall and other quaint places.

The town is well equipped as to hotels : several first-class houses are convenient to station and roads. There is accessible angling for salmon and trout in Eden and Eamont streams, and for trout in Ullswater.

The best short walks are : up the Beacon ; alongside the Eamont to Yanwath ; King Arthur's Round Table and Mayborough at Eamont Bridge ; Brougham Castle, Countess's Pillar and Brougham Hall, etc. More walking is necessitated in visits to Eden Hall (now a girls' school), 4 miles ; Dacre Castle, 3 miles ; Lowther Castle, 5 miles ; Hutton-in-the-Forest, 5 miles ; Greystoke, 5 miles. Longer journeys from Penrith include : Shap Abbey, 14 miles ; Nunnery Walks, 10 miles ; Long Meg and Her Daughters, 8 miles ; Mardale (Haweswater Head), 15 miles. The Lake District is entered at the foot of Ullswater, and, of course, Keswick is within a half-hour's run by rail.

Literary Pilgrimages in The Lake Country.

The Lake District with its varied beauties has attracted, in years gone by, many great poets and writers. Over a century ago the Lake School of Literature was well known, and William Wordsworth, Robert Southey, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Christopher North (Professor John Wilson), Thomas De Quincey, Charles Lloyd, Hartley Coleridge, Dora Wordsworth, Harriet Martineau, William Wilberforce, and many others resided in or near the area. In addition there were such famous visitors as Charlotte Brontë, Sir Walter Scott, Canning, and others. A later generation brought in the Arnolds, Thomas of Rugby, Matthew his son, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward, a grand-daughter of the old pedagogue.

Probably the richest route for a literary pilgrim who has not much time is the twenty miles from Windermere to Keswick, every mile of which is associated with genius. Just outside Windermere station is Elleray (now a girls' school), which was the home of "Christopher North." Not much of either his cottage or mansion remains. Christopher was a keen sportsman, and he used the interior of his half-built house as a cock-pit on more than one occasion.

Troutbeck Vale has memories of three eccentrics—Auld Hoggart, the rhymster and country playwright from whose family came the more famous William, the painter; William Sewell, the clergyman who was more than three-fourths a tender of sheep and cattle rather than human souls, yet he built for the latter the inn on Kirkstone Pass; and finally, Julius Caesar Ibbetson who painted signs for that inn and for the "Mortal Man" as well. The former was a landscape, the latter portraits of two villagers. The red-faced one is answering the pale man's inquiry :—

O Mortal Man who lives on bread
How came thy nose to be so red?
Thou silly ass which art so pale
It is with drinking Birkett's ale.

Lowwood was visited by the boy John Ruskin who recorded in a rhyming diary his impressions of the wonderful views across the lake. "The Briery," near by, was the house where Mrs. Gaskell first met Charlotte Brontë, and "Dove's Nest" beyond has the name, at any rate, of the cottage where Mrs. Hemans lived for a while.

With Ambleside are associated the great names of F. W. Faber, Harriet Martineau, Ann Clough, Dr. John Davy, and the other side of Rothay replies with Thomas Arnold, Matthew Arnold, Charles Lloyd, Owen Lloyd, Miss Fenwick, William Edward Forster and Edward Quillinan. In later years it has been associated with Sir William Watson, a poet of great merit even in such company.

Ambleside was the post-town of William Wordsworth, and at Rydal Mount, on the lane above Rydal Church, is the home where he lived in old age and died. Practically every English writer of note visited him there and recorded in pages or letters their impressions: Sir Walter Scott, Emerson, Aubrey de Vere, Crabb Robinson, etc. The greatest resident, outside William, was the poet's sister Dorothy, who survived him for some years. The house at Rydal Mount is rarely open to visitors.

SOUTHEY'S HOUSE, KESWICK (GREIA HALL).

DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE.

At " Nab Cottage " the chief figure should be the irresponsible Hartley Coleridge who lodged there under the supervision of the Wordsworths. De Quincey is associated with Dove Cottage in Grasmere Vale, the tenancy of which he took direct from William Wordsworth, and kept for twenty years. " Dove Cottage " was Wordsworth's first home in the vale : here he brought his bride ; here he wrote his noblest works.

Everyone, including literary pilgrims, should visit the graves of Wordsworth and his family at Grasmere, a plot of grass beneath yew trees and looking out to dawn light on the fells, with the Rothay whispering past. Plain stones give names and dates. Hartley Coleridge is buried near by. Every field and fell round Grasmere recalls some line of Wordsworth—the church, the stream, the dalesfolk, the march of the year from high summer to high summer again, and so on.

The road out of Grasmere toward Keswick was often travelled by poets and writers : the little party in the south tramped this way to meet their friends from Cumberland. It was all walking, for in those days it was not considered an honour to take to wheels, even in a cart, until the limbs became feeble with age. And they *could* walk, these poets—Dorothy Wordsworth came home from Keswick at a pace exceeding four miles per hour. Christopher North could outstrip the mail coach over Dunmail Raise. Helvellyn, either from Wythburn or by Grisedale Tarn, was a favourite climb for literary visitors, and Wordsworth, Scott and Humphrey Davy were together on the top John Dalton came here again and again. Coleridge once walked over Helvellyn at night and wrote a vivid pen-picture of silence and stark barrenness which has been read with understanding by thousands who never expect to see the peak itself.

" The Rock of Names," north of Wythburn, shows where the parties met. Just beyond the straining well, above the road is a little cairn into which fragments of rudely carved letters have been cemented. Among these are " W.W." (William Wordsworth), " M.H." (Mary Hutchinson, his affianced bride), " D.W." (Dorothy Wordsworth), and " S.T.C." (Samuel Taylor Coleridge). These letters were cut on May 4, 1802, on a slab near the old road. This was submerged when Thirlmere was made a reservoir, and the letters so damaged by quarrying that they were saved with difficulty.

The best pilgrimage forward to Keswick is through the Vale of St. John, where Sir Walter Scott found inspiration for " The Bridal of Triermain," after which the presiding genius of the land is Robert Southey, who lived at Greta Hall (now a school) for many years, and befriended the reckless Coleridges, Shelley and other folk to the best of his ability and nobility. Indeed, Southey wore out his magnificent brain in such work. William Hazlitt and Charles Lamb visited Greta Hall.

The Keswick district is full of literary memories—Tennyson sojourned there on one occasion at least ; Ruskin (really the genius of Coniston) loved Friars' Crag, and so did many others. It was merely a matter of a land or frontage dispute which prevented Wordsworth settling here instead of at Grasmere and Rydal.

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